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JOINERIANA:

OR

THE BOOK OF SCRAPS.

HOMO SUM: *humani nihil a me alienum puto.*
Terent. Heaut. A. 1. S. 1. L. 25.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
Printed for JOSEPH JOHNSON, No. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD. 1772.

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PREFACE.

PREFACE.

'JOINERIANA, or the BOOK of SCRAPS?'—Ay, or CARPENTERIANA, or the BOOK of CHIPS, if you had rather—or any other ANA you like.

Call them SCRAPS, or Fragments; CHIPS or Shavings; waking Reflections, or wandering Imaginations, it matters not—ſo that ſome of them profit the reader,

which is the principal aim of the writer.

They are not gathered from PLUTARCH, LAERTIUS, STOBÆUS, ERASMUS—yet if there are any good among them, I have no doubt but they may be found in their collections.

Neither can they owe much, to my knowledge, to LA BRUYERE and ROCHEFOUCAULT—yet, 'tis poſſible, many of the ſame ſentiments occur in both :—But I am perfectly innocent of any charge of that kind, which may be brought againſt me—for, to the beſt of my

remem-

remembrance, I have not looked into either of thoſe much-admired wits theſe twenty years and upwards.

They are not, I promiſe you, tranſlations, or gleanings, or filings, or ſweepings of ANAS.

It follows then that they are mine :—Indeed I mean they ſhould paſs for ſuch, in the full ſcope and import of the phraſe—as, when a man ſays, 'That is mine'—he would be underſtood the matter to be queſtioned, was his property.

In that juſt ſenſe, I repeat, 'They are mine—' for was I conſcious there were any ſentiments throughout the book, which belonged to one man more than another, I would either reſtore them to the right owner, or expunge them altogether.

But truths as truths, muſt belong to every man who is in ſearch of TRUTH.

Now ſeeing the book is mine, as I ſaid before—for without the cleareſt conviction upon that head, I ſhould never have thought of obtruding it upon the public—

I have

I have a right to aſſert my claim.

—For, in my ſenſe, 'tis the higheſt inſult imaginable, that which is offered to the underſtanding—'Tis an offence unpardonable!—

What, are we to be bamboozled under falſe pretences and a ſpecious ſhew of novelty, with the ſame things over and over, and over and over, and over and over again, and again, and again everlaſtingly, and world without end?

Then, I have a further conceit—The writer who improves me

not, in ſome meaſure, leaves me in a worſe condition than that in which he found me—far worſe indeed!—for he has robbed me of TIME; which with all his wit and ingenuity, he can never make up to me.

Think of this occaſionally, my brethren—'tis well worth a thought.

And now I give up all further claim to the following SCRAPS of reflection, the fruits of a few ſolitary hours—They are no longer mine; but yours and every body's.

Accept

Accept them, gentle reader, with the ſame good will with which they are offered—peruſe them with attention, and, if the author may ſo far preſume, be confident it will be your own fault, if ſome of them do not turn out to your advantage.

For you, ye Scriblers! I charge you, in the name of CANDOUR, that ye refrain from enlarging or diminiſhing the ſame—that you leave them to their own fate—that you make them not worſe, under the notion of improving them—In fine, that ye mar not, in the rage of mending; neither

mend, as is cuſtomary with you, for the ſake of marring.

For what advantage can ye propoſe to yourſelves thereby?

Money I know you want, as much as myſelf—But this is not a medley to make money by.

—'Tis too ſimple—neither is it voluminous enough:—Beſides, in the body of the book, you may here and there catch a hint, which may anſwer your purpoſe much better.

Then, I have another reaſon—

This

PREFACE.

This little work, you are to underſtand, is only thrown out as a ſpecimen—a ſort of a taſte—and, if I find my cuſtomers reliſh it, I may poſſibly, as reflections ariſe, and time and occaſion ſerve, enlarge it myſelf.

The title of SCRAPS, I muſt own, is tempting!—for you are fond of SCRAPS to a man—and deal more in them, than in the Sirloin and Peck-loaf of Literature.

From that conſideration ariſes the caution I have given you.

JOINERIANA.

ANTIQUARY.

THE ſober and judicious Antiquary, profeſſes a love of Antiquity upon the moſt laudable principles—a veneration of the wiſdom and ingenuity of former times—the recovery of uſeful and intereſting matter—the revival of loſt art—and the eſtabliſhing the beſt and moſt perfect models of ſcience, or what promiſe to lead thereto, for the benefit of his own age and of poſterity.

He

He is not a mere eye-lover of Antiquity, but ſtands in the foremoſt rank of Critics.

He knows how to chuſe, what to reject—He is not eaſily perſuaded to accept the counterfeit for the true—He ſees no beauty in uglineſs, no grace in deformity, no ſenſe in nonſenſe, no real diſcovery in variable conjecture.

What time has totally defaced, he commends once more to oblivion—He is well aſſured there is uſeful matter enough to employ his lateſt hours—for ſuch he ſeeks, and ſuch only.

Not

Not like the modern antiquary, who never tires—but from a ſingle word, a proper name, an illegible legend, or broken and unpromiſing inſcription, ſwells the vaſt volume with learned conjectures of his own and others—leaving his patient reader, in the concluſion, to decide to whom the ſtone or metal belonged.

Whether it tends not to magnify ſome one character, heretofore debaſed?—or clears another from the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of having had a hand in certain meaſures—the hiſtory of which is unknown?

Whether it eſtabliſhes not the paſt exiſtence of ſome perſon—who once lived and died?—or gives birth to another, who,

who, without the profound ſtudy of this curious plodder, had never exiſted at all?

Surely theſe Gentlemen do not always recollect, that there have been falſe marbles and lying inſcriptions in all ages.

If nothing intereſting or uſeful is to be revived, the labour is loſt in the ſearch.

To point out aſhes, which have been long ſince mixed in the common maſs of clay—to eke out inſcriptions well nigh defaced; are proofs of patience, but not of generous parts.

If the ſtatue has ſhared the ſame fate with the ſtatuary who made it, and him whoſe

whoſe reſemblance it once bore—(for marble will mouldér with time, as well as men)—'tis in vain to write conjectural diſſertations upon fragments—upon noſes and ears—upon fingers and toes.

But the antiquary of our day, for the moſt part, uſurps a title which does not belong to him—He is only a virtuoſo—a lover of oddity—a hunter after nick-nacks.

The ſubjects he collects recommend themſelves by their ſingularity above every other conſideration.

'Did you ever ſee ſuch a thing before?—I never did.—I wonder what it is!

is!—What uſe can it be of?—How has it ever been applied?—

'I fancy for this—I've a notion for that—and full as likely for t'other—But 'tis odd!—very ſingular indeed!

'I would give as much as the firſt purchaſe coſt me, with all my heart, to know what it means!

'People bid up for it at *Langford*'s, as if they'd been bewitched—becauſe nobody could make head or tail of it!

'All the company admired and were for it—becauſe nobody underſtood it!—So I was reſolved to poſſeſs the jewel, for the whim-ſake, coſt what it would!

'Tis

'Tis ſpecial ugly! — that's much in its favour—

'One would be almoſt tempted to ſwear the devil himſelf had made it, on purpoſe to puzzle poor mortals, and bamboozle them out of their time!

'It has coſt me ſix months, at leaſt, in turning over MONTFAUCON, MAFFEI, MURATORI, WINCKELMANN, and forty more, to no manner of purpoſe!

'Tis antique—that any one may ſee with half an eye—

'And inexplicably odd! — So into the cabinet it goes once more—the cabinet of never-to-be-deſcribed oddities.

'Some of theſe days, who knows, but it may ſet the learned to work, to find out—what it is not.

'O, my ſhield!—but I think you've ſeen my ſhield—

'Ah! the ſums that has coſt me, to perſuade the learned world to believe it to be the identical Votive ſhield of CAMILLUS!—and, at laſt, it turns out to be nothing but the mould of an Etruſcan fruit-diſh!

'Still 'tis antique, though no longer a ſhield—and furniſhes us with a lively idea of the elegance, with which the ladies of old ſerved up their ſtrawberries and cream, and emboſſed their tarts and paſtry, ſeveral ages before China-ware was known,

known, or Saxon or Chelſea porcelain thought of.'

Yet the mere collector of curioſities hurts no one—and is a virtuous character, in compariſon with the collector of letters, and papers, and anecdotes, which he accumulates without choice, arranges without method, and prints without diſcretion.

Several of our old Chronicles and Uſages, as they are called, againſt the publiſhing of which no reaſonable man can have any objection; provided they furniſh uſeful knowledge (otherwiſe, 'tis certain, we are full as well without them) — are downright *Collectanea* and *Deſiderata*—favourite words among our

Antiquaries — ſignifying confuſions of papers void of wit or taſte, and ſtrung together without judgment—the major part conſiſting of a chaos of matter neither intereſting, nor always fit to be known.

In one of thoſe farragos *(a)*, publiſhed by the elaborate HEARNE—you will find an Extract from a Manuſcript in the *Harleian* Library *(b)*, branding one of the greateſt characters that ever trod the

---

(a) Hiſt. Vitæ & Regni RICARDI II. Angliæ Regis, &c. Acceſſerunt, *præter alia*, JO. ROSSI Hiſtoriola de Comitibus Warwicenſibus; BEREBLOC de Adventu ELIZ. Reginæ in OXONIAM, &c. &c. Oxon. 1729. V. Append. pag. 385.

(b) The Life of Sir SYMONDS D'EWES, written by himſelf.

ſtage

ſtage of life *(c)*, with a vice that humanity ſhudders at!—for no end, that I can ſee, but to ſwell the packet *(d)*.

Admitting it true—'tis a truth which ought not to be told—No benefit can poſſibly ariſe to the preſent age, or to poſterity, by ſuch a diſcovery.

But the Gods ſtill protect us, though they are blaſphemed daily—and men neareſt approaching omniſcience will live in memory, and their works continue to improve mankind, in ſpite of ſlander and ſottiſh ingratitude.

(c) The incomparable Lord BACON.

(d) *The Falle and greate Vices of* Sir FRANCIS BACON, Viſcount ST. ALBAN.

The Biographer, had ſuch a paper fallen into his hands, might have made uſe of it, if his diſcretion would have ſuffered him—but there it is totally miſplaced and unexpected.

What has the madneſs of one man's unnatural vice, in the reign of JAMES I. (ſuppoſing it true) to do with the life of RICHARD II.?—or the antient earls of WARWICK?—or Queen ELIZABETH's entertainment at OXFORD?—

But 'tis an odious, contradictory lie, upon the very face of it!—No ſuch thing was ever dreamed of, till after the great man's fall *(a)*—Then indeed is the true

(a) 'Men generally *after his fall* (ſays the honourable ſelf-biographer) began to diſcourſe of that his unnatural crime.'

time

time for MALICE to brave MISFORTUNE —The day of our CALAMITY, has been always accounted the moſt favourable ſeaſon for propagating CALUMNY.

Much ſtreſs is laid upon a wretched couplet, *(b)* written by Nobody knows who—*by ſome bold forward man* (as the knight informs us) *upon a whole ſheet of paper*, who afterwards *caſt it down in ſome part of* York-houſe, *in the* Strand, *where his* lordſhip *yet lay*.

The gentle Sir SYMONDS muſt, ſurely, have been a very incompetent judge of ſuch tranſcendent excellence, as ſhone

---

(b) 'Within this ſty a hogg doth ly
That muſt be hang'd for S——y.'

forth in our incomparable philoſopher, not to be able to find any other memento of him, ſave *his fall and great vices.*

What ſays a better judge of human nature, a better critic, and, I believe a better man *(a)*, upon the melancholy occaſion?

'In his adverſity I ever prayed, that God would give him ſtrength, for greatneſs he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or ſyllable for him; as knowing no accident could do harm to VIRTUE, but rather help to make it manifeſt *(b)*.'

(a) BEN JOHNSON.
(b) See, his Diſcoveries.

If I may be indulged in a conjecture, after the manner of a modern Antiquary, I have a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that the author of that infamous couplet, was no other than the knight himſelf; and that *the bold forward man who caſt it down in ſome part of* York-houſe, was only his emiſſary; hired to do a dirty job, which the knight had not courage enough to undertake—But this is mere conjecture.

However, it is agreed the paper was *caſt down* by ſome one, and taken up by ſomebody elſe—and afterwards, very fortunately, fell into the hands of Sir SYMONDS, who conſidered it as a valuable acquiſition, well deſerving a place in the ſtory of his life—and, laſtly, being happily recovered by Mr. HEARNE, was by him

him publiſhed, in the genuine unchriſtian and unphiloſophical ſpirit of a modern Antiquary, upwards of an hundred years after the death of the great perſonage ſo ſlandered.

If learning can defend ſuch doings, it may defend any thing.—

Let them keep their charters and their grants—their cyphers and their ſeals—their rings and their rebuſſes—ſend me ſimplicity of heart, I pray God! void of that unnatural thirſt, which ſeeks to gratify curioſity at the expence of humanity.

But what evidence is this?—Surely, we all know, that a diſcarded ſervant, a diſappointed ſuitor, a diſcontented relation,

lation, a falſe friend, a revengeful enemy——any body armed with ſufficient malice, might frame a letter or a lampoon—and afterwards drop it—to be picked up with certainty, or by chance—But are ſuch papers to be printed?

I know the favourers of Maſter HEARNE (for he has many advocates) will ſay 'tis in the Appendix—not in the Book.

But the Appendix to the book makes a part of the book; does it not?—and commonly ſerves to bring in proofs and illuſtrations of the ſubject—or what buſineſs has it there?—It might as well be put to any other book.

But ſeveral of thoſe gentlemen are curious at gathering all the ſcraps and fragments

fragments they can find, no matter of what ſpecies, ſo that nothing be loſt—and then prepoſterouſly tacking them together.—

Like ſtage-quacks—coupling a pen-knife and a worm-cake—a pair of garters and a roll of corn-ſalve—a ſilver tea-ſpoon, and a box of pills—Buy one, and we make you a preſent of the other.

I expect to be called a moſt peſtilent blockhead, for this firſt article of my SCRAPS.

Well, be it ſo—I am content—but I would not exchange coats, and a Saxon penny of the value of forty ſhillings to boot, with that wou'd-be Antiquary who ſhall call me ſo.

'Tis

'Tis foolish, childish, vain and unprofitable, or impertinent pains I censure; not true genius of any kind—in no one more observable and highly to be honoured, than in the able Antiquary.

We have barely time to look into ourselves—yet so prodigal are we of the short span allotted, as to pore away whole days and nights, and dream out months and years, about what can neither profit ourselves nor others.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

TO write, is mechanical; but to be an Author, is no eaſy matter.

If all the juſt exceptions againſt Authors were to be admitted, we ſhould have very few left.

Thoſe who think much, for the moſt part, write little—thoſe who write much, generally, think little.

Every Author ſhould be cautious of his ſubject, ſure of his foundation, choice of his materials—before he falls to work.

No architect proceeds without a plan.

The

The painter pictures in idea, before he draws upon the canvas—the piece when finiſhed, if it deſerves commendation, what is it, but the beautiful image of his mind?

But when we ſee much coſt beſtowed upon imagination, which riſes no higher than a ſhoulder of mutton and a lettuce; we are apt to contemn the artiſt's choice, and give him no praiſe for the extraordinary pains he has taken—concluding that ART ſhould labour for ſome laudable end; and that time miſemployed, is much the ſame as being totally unemployed.

A good man, or a mean Author may be puzzled to foreſee the end and ſuc-

ceſs

ceſs of his work — but a good writer never.

JOHN BUNYAN appears to have been in a ſad ſtrait, from the different opinions of his friends, touching his PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, while in manuſcript— which himſelf thus emphatically expreſſes—

'*Some ſaid* JOHN, print it, *others ſaid*, not ſo:
Some ſaid, It might do good, *others ſaid*, No.'

A JOHNSON, or a HUME could never have fallen into ſuch a dilemma.

Write not to the million, but to the underſtanding few — So ſhall praiſe, in proportion

proportion to what you have merited, crown your endeavour.

But you cannot, ſurely, be ſo unreaſonable, as to deſire what you have not deſerved?—And who are to be the judges?—The mob?—They may roar, but they cannot render juſt praiſe.

Invent not idle tales—more to ſeduce the heart, than mend the morals.—Be well aſſured your tale can do no harm, and promiſes much good.

Write not for hire—that's pitiful, for the moſt part—ſwelling vaſt volumes, ſeldom to any profit, ſave the bookſeller's.

Write not from prejudice — Such writers, being firſt miſled themſelves, endeavour with all their might to miſlead others.

Write not for a party—that's odious! —the virtuous are of no party, but generally deſpiſe all riotous diſtinction.

The candid know full well, that one ſide cannot be ever right, the other always wrong.

The good man is conſtantly attached to one and the ſame ſide—God and his Country.

Write not from ſtupid fear, or fooliſh expectation—Sandy foundations both!

Write

Write not for gain—that is, for gain only; having no other principle of writing.

If gain comes—accept as much as will keep you above want, and prevent you from being troubleſome to others.

But have a watchful eye how and from whence it comes—Gold muſt not be procured at the price of freedom—In which caſe, all is loſs, but no gain.

The hope of gain curtails the wings of FANCY—impoveriſhes thought—weakens the ſenſe of LIBERTY.

Write not for the ſake of applauſe, but for the ſake of truth.—Truth com-

monly carries conviction along with it.

Where rectitude of intention is—flowing from a clear head and a disinterested heart—Truth is seldom far off.

But how are these to be preserved, think you?—Merely by preserving a just and dispassionate independency.

No matter how poor your condition—(the poorer, perhaps, the better)—nourish and preserve that sole principle, and you are rich.

But once sell it, or barter it against gold—and you will have nothing further to do with pen and ink, to any purpose.

The

The beſt advice I can give you, in ſuch a caſe, is to ſhut up your book, and go and regale yourſelf with the money.

Bookmaker.

Bookmakers, for the moſt part, are the common peſts of uſeful letters.

Having no reputation to gain or loſe, they care not what miſchief they do to the credit of others.

Being idle themſelves, they endeavour to make as many ſo as they can.

Inſtead of whetting induſtry, they blunt it—inſtead of raiſing emulation, they deſtroy it.

They enlarge without choice, and abridge without judgment.

Good

Good books are thrown aſide, becauſe theirs are the lateſt and the neweſt.

A bundle of looſe papers, picked up any how or any where, and ſent to preſs, to be printed as they come to hand—let them fall out or fall in, as chance directs—would make as good a book as one half of their productions—more eſpecially thoſe which iſſue forth under the ſpecious titles of MISCELLANIES, MAGAZINES, MUSEUMS, REPOSITORIES, &c.

Books.

BOOKS, like friends, ſhould be few and well-choſen.

Like friends too, we ſhould return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us—never ceaſe to inſtruct—never cloy.

Many books are read, but few attended to—fewer underſtood.

Books are bought from faſhion, more than from judgment.

Books change their faſhion, almoſt as much as apparel.

A fa-

A faſhionable writer makes a faſhionable book, and creates a number of faſhionable readers — readers, who pay more attention to the faſhion of the writer, than to the faſhion of the book.

Some books are the common topics of converſation for a month, or two, or three—but are never heard of after.

Wherefore ſhould I encumber myſelf with twenty thouſand, when a hundred will anſwer all my purpoſes, and be full as much as I can digeſt?

I don't know that even a hundred are neceſſary—if we exclude the endleſs writers of idle imagination and vain diſputation of all ages and countries:—

But

But admit them, even with choice and deliberation; and twenty thouſand were not ſufficient.

The ſame things are ſaid over and over—and there remains nothing new to be ſaid, to the point of truth—tho' arguments and controverſy, from given and ſuppoſititious premiſes, will laſt till the end of the world.

The different ſtyles and manners of writers, will always entitle ſome to a deſerved preference—but the matter is the ſame, tho' diverſely ſaid.

The ſentiment or ſentence upon which we commonly build, is ſhort—and may be compriſed in the feweſt words—ſome

two,

two, or three, or half a dozen, or half a ſcore—twenty, at moſt:—From ſuch ſimple foundations, we raiſe amazing ſuperſtructures!—But 'tis all flouriſh and expoſition—ſave what is ſpent in wrangling and downright contradiction — or falſhood in the very teeth of TRUTH—which generally makes the greateſt part of the book.

Is it good?—you may venture to conclude it common.

To call it ſuch-a-one's ſaying, is childiſh—

'Tis like a ſimpleton's repetition of ſomething trite—and making his father, or his grandmother a preſent of it.

Over

Over ſhoes, over boots!—'as my father ſays.'

It never rains, but it pours!—'as my grandmother uſed to ſay.'

All truth, all ſcience is reducible to axioms—many labouring at the ſame point, will reſolve it after the ſame manner, and, frequently, almoſt in the ſame words:—Thence ſentences and topics aroſe; which ſoon became general, and were, in ſubſtance, in every one's mouth—the learned, ſtill regarding and preſerving them in choice ſentences—the unlearned, vulgarizing a great number of them into common proverbs.

Many

Many common ſayings with us, were no leſs common among the nations and people, who lived two or three thouſand years ago.

Can any man be ſo doltiſh, as to imagine that the wit of SOLOMON and the ſon of SIRACH, was all their own?

No, ſurely—the ſpirit of their writings was known ſeveral centuries before they were born:—They, indeed, had the merit of collecting and digeſting the ſcattered truths of ages; and of putting them in a more elegant form.

They did well—and we are bound in gratitude to revere their memory, for the pains they beſtowed.

The

The ſentences of the wiſe and virtuous, were common to every ſect of philoſophy; and approved by all—

—It mattered not who ſpake them, nor from what ſchool they came; ſo that the leſſon was general, and the truth incontrovertible.

The EPICUREANS rejected not the apophthegms of the STOICS; neither the STOICS, thoſe of the EPICUREANS; but admitted them equally with their own—however they might entertain different ſentiments concerning VIRTUE and PLEASURE—which may be called rather a maſterly diſtinction, than a material difference—the one accounting VIRTUE the only PLEASURE; the other laying it down as a poſi-

a positive truth, that no PLEASURE could exist without VIRTUE.

But the principal difference, which rendered them irreconcilable, was rather about the exercise, than the object of Virtue—whether she should be active or passive—employed in public good, or enjoyed in listless ease:—This depends much upon temper and constitution—The good man will always find too many reasons for being an idle man.

They might follow the particular doctrine and mode of disputation, of one master, in preference to all other—but they followed TRUTH, wherever they found her, without regarding from what class she sprang.

If

If ſhe condeſcended to appear in her own veileſs and majeſtic ſimplicity—no matter to who—they knew they could not be deceived.

They were certain ſhe came not to enlighten one ſect above another, but for the ſake of all mankind.

Not like the diſcordant ſquabble of modern ſchoolmen—THOMISTS and SCOTISTS, who have cut out work for everlaſting jar.

Still more unlike (if more unlike can be) the rancorous ſpirit of latter ſectaries—who deſpiſe all ſenſe and interpretation, together with the interpreters, which is foreign to their own—laying it

it down, as the choiceſt article of their creed, that no good can ſpring up, but in their own body.

As ſoon condemn me to the mob of the world, as to the mob of books!—

Not but that Libraries are uſeful to many good purpoſes—yet how few have learned the ſecret of making a good uſe of them?

The labours of the learned and ingenious of all ages, ſhould not be loſt—

There is nothing from which HUMANITY derives ſo much honour—

The greateſt monuments of men, are letters—they are not only the foundation of all, but they outlive all other.

Yet it were much to be wiſhed, that reading was more confined, and writing leſs frequent—which would be the caſe, provided every writer had ſome laudable end in view.

For otherwiſe, it is but like wheeling rubbiſh to the mountain's foot, without adding to the height, and enlarging the proſpect—or carrying ſtones to the vaſt pile, which only adds to the bulk, but increaſes not the ſtrength and magnificence of the building.

Books,

Books, to judicious compilers, are uſeful—to particular arts and profeſſions, abſolutely neceſſary—to men of real ſcience; they are tools:—but more are tools to them.

Where one improves, a thouſand corrupt—where one is ſage, a thouſand are impertinent—where one nouriſhes VIRTUE, a thouſand endeavour to make VICE amiable.

Where one gives me peace, a thouſand would rob me of it—where one directs me right, thouſands miſlead me.

BOOKSELLER.

THE Bookſeller is commonly the being, to whom we owe that idle and unprofitable drone, a modern Bookmaker.

Though not always—there are many inſtances wherein the Bookmaker has given birth and fortune to the Bookſeller.

He is generally a bad judge of every thing—but his ſtupidity ſhines moſt conſpicuouſly, in that particular branch of knowledge, by which he is to get his bread.

Yet

Yet he takes upon him to cater both for the learned and unlearned—and, by the help of his Bookmaker, provides plentiful meſſes of literature of all ſorts. —Olios, fricaſſees, and haſhes without number, and without taſte.

In other words—he is a cook without a palate.

Yet the fate of the living Author, in theſe abuſed and hard times, depends much upon the caprice of this taſteleſs confectioner.

The cauſes of ſalvation and damnation to authors, are various—ariſing, in a great meaſure, from the petulancy of

this ſet of men, and the jealouſies and diſtractions which ſubſiſt among them.

'Damn the book! ſays one—'tis the author's!—'

"AMEN! *to that ſweet prayer!*"—ſay the reſt of the fraternity, in the ſpirit of infernal devotion!

'—And ſince he has thought fit to print it upon his own account—why let him publiſh it himſelf—for, rot me! if I ſhew it to any body, or give myſelf any concern about it!—

'Harkee!'—(to his prentice and journeyman)—'If any one ſhould enquire after it (tho' I think that's not very likely) —beſure you ſay, there's none bound!—

'And

'And, if he would take it in ſheets—tell him the rat-catchers are in the warehouſe, and you dare not go in for fear of diſturbing them—but he may have one a week hence, if he'll call.—

'That's my method of treating all *your* ſaucy authors, who dare to print upon their own account.'

"That's right! Mr. MOTLEY, that's right!—I commend your ſpirit!—ſo does my brother MAG, and all of us!—ſo they ought all to be treated!—What, are we to ſerve ſeven years for nothing?—for them to print their own books, and be poxed to 'em!—But you was always one (bleſs your heart!) that ſtood up for the honour and the good of the trade.'

Where a number of names appear at the foot of a title-page, either as proprietors or venders, it commonly falls to the lot of one, to have what is called, *The management of the book*—

This creates in the *Manager* ſome little exertion in behalf of the work, in proportion to the advantage (for there is always ſome) attending it—and a total indifference, and often diſguſt in the reſt—'Damn the book! ſay they—neither of us had *the management of it!*'

Bookſellers names, when there is a plurality of them affixed to any work, generally rank according to their ſeniority in their craft—

There

There is a propriety in this cuſtom, as much as in moſt; which ought to be preſerved.

All of them ſee the force of it (which has prevailed time immemorial) as long as they continue to be upon a level.

But if one is more ſucceſsful than the reſt, and chances to riſe ſuperior to his brethren—not from ſuperior excellence, but cunning—he fails not to diſpute this antient uſage; perhaps, to the total overthrow of the poor author's labour—'Damn the book! ſays he—my name don't ſtand firſt!'

'It is well known—ſays ſome one of thoſe ſucceſsful and ſelf-ſufficieut coxcombs

combs—that my name at the head, would have carried off the impreſſion !

' —But now 'tis loſt !—Nobody can ſee it—'tis literally buried, among a heap of inſignificant *printed-paper-mongers!*—for they deſerve not the name of Bookſellers, in compariſon with myſelf !—

' What infernal ſtuff do I put off daily !—yet nobody diſputes the excellency, ſeeing my name SOLUS (for I like that beſt)—or at the head of the tribe !—

' I therefore aver and maintain, that my ſole intereſt and reputation is ſufficient to inſure ſalvation or damnation to any author—young, or old—rich, or poor—known, or unknown.—

' If

'If he has failed in his former attempts, let him not be diſcouraged!—let him come to me!—I'll ſoon ſhew him the odds!—

'My name and intereſt alone, ſhall launch him into fame—were he as blind as a beetle, and as ſtupid as a poſt!'—

I ſhould be ſorry to find that gentleman's intereſt, ſo conſiderable as he rates it.

His buſineſs, as I underſtand, is to ſell books; not to influence judgment, upon ſo weighty a matter as the worth of authors.

The ruby's excellence is known to few, yet all extol the ruby.

Now

Now ſhould it chance to fall into ignorant hands—would it be leſs a ruby?

Or loſt for ages—buried once more in the deep abyſs of Time—when found again, would it be leſs a ruby?

Books that have real life, depend not on the age in which we live—far leſs upon the Midwife-printer and Trumpet-tongued-publiſher.

COWLEY.

COWLEY.

WITH all my affection for COWLEY, and admiration of his wit, I could never forgive him the following witless and blasphemous line against the majesty of SENECA—

Nor the dry Chips of short-lung'd SENECA.

Dry Chips!—IS SENECA then no more but a retailer of *dry Chips?*

Are those divine sentences, his own and others—the wisdom of all ages, the torch of truth—(for moral evidence can hope no further, neither can mere humanity soar higher) judiciously selected and scattered throughout his works, together with

with his own ſage comments and conclu-ſions, *dry Chips?*

Are thoſe ſovereign remedies with which his moral Diſpenſary is richly ſtored—cures for all ills, and ſalves for every ſore!—no more than *dry Chips?*

As well we might prophanely call the ſentences of SOLOMON and the ſon of SIRACH, *dry Chips.*

This might have been overlooked in a leſs wit than COWLEY.

But wherefore is SENECA brought in as a negative proof of wit?—for as a Moral-iſt, he does not ſet up for a wit!—Becauſe wits are apt to catch at every thing

thing which ſtrikes their fond imaginations:—and, indeed, in this place, he might as well have lugged in ZENO, or CATO, or TERTULLIAN.

But why has he beſtowed the choice epithet *ſhort-lung'd* upon him?

The learned and ingenious editor of Select pieces of COWLEY, publiſhed a few months ſince, ſeems to be a little at a loſs here:—But it does not detract from the knowledge of that able and polite Critic, tho' it may ſomewhat impeach his memory, which is not at our own command—SENECA laboured ſeveral years under an aſthma—

—So

—So that the epithet is as happily chofen as cock-eyed, bandy-legged, or hunch-backed, applied to any one fo unfavourably marked—and correfponds to a hair with the falfe point and pert conceit of the writer's age.

Here are then two, if not three capital errors in one line—not in the concord, but, what is lefs excufable, in the fenfe and in the moral.

The introduction of a character where he has no bufinefs—DISSIMILITUDE.

The mifcalling his exquifite Morals and fage fentences, which have ftood the teft of ages—the admiration of all men of all fects—and which promife to endure

endure to the end of time, *dry Chips*—WANTONNESS.

The pointing out a Great Man, by an incurable infirmity—INHUMANITY.

DEDICATION.

TO whom ſhall I dedicate theſe SCRAPS?

I am quite at a loſs!—there are ſo many patrons, and yet ſo few—at leaſt, few have fallen within my knowledge.

My former book, publiſhed ſome years ſince, I inſcribed to an ingenious young artiſt—becauſe he was my friend, and I loved him—

I love him ſtill—and if he lives, I am ſure he loves me—

But whether he lives, or not; I ſhall always love his memory!

He

He ſet out for ITALY about two years and a half ago; where he has reſided ever ſince—ſtudying to rival RAPHAEL!—If he returns, I have no doubt but he muſt have ſucceeded.

My Bookſeller, who wiſhes me well, and knows my wretchedneſs, has pointed out ſeveral to me.

He talks of uncommon gratuities, which have often followed both common and uncommon Dedications—ſuch as ſinecure places and ſinecure livings!

Surely, he muſt mean to impoſe upon my ſimplicity!—I ſhould think ſo, if I did not know him to be a thorough honeſt man—for, according to my concep-

tion, there can be no ſuch places—no ſuch benefices.

Every place implies an office and a truſt—and a neceſſary duty to be diſcharged:—If ſo, how can any be deemed ſinecures?

And for a benefice—'tis ſuch a duty, as a thorough conſcientious man will hardly ſuffer to be executed by deputy—

So far from being a ſinecure—that 'tis a cure in letter as well as ſpirit—the moſt important of all cures—The CURE of SOULS!

How comes it then to paſs, that the recorders of the modiſh vices of a luxurious

rious age—(unbounded prodigality!—which will make our pennileſs deſcendants hang their heads, and bluſh for the follies of their forefathers!)—

How comes it, I ſay, that horſe-heralds, redoubted riders, dog-and-cock-genealogiſts, gaming maſters and gamblers are franked into ſinecure places?—and ſaucy quacks, buffoons and fiddlers inducted into benefices, to enable them to live at their eaſe?

The former muſt certainly have been created on purpoſe for ſuch as fill them—uſeleſs places for uſeleſs placemen:—And for the latter, we may conclude their inconſiderate patrons, charmed with the objects of their benevolence, but re-

gardleſs of the means, could not more readily provide for them.

There are alſo pecuniary bounties, as he informs me, beſtowed by generous patrons on their courteous dedicators.

Some rich lords, he ſays, he has known to have given five guineas to a poor author; others ten—ſome twenty, others thirty—and here and there a modern MÆCENAS has ſtretched even to fifty guineas!

In theſe ſeveral largeſſes, the author and his book, it ſeems, have ſeldom been conſidered; but only the ſum granted:—Whether for a collection of SCRAPS, or a body of uſeful ſcience?—

whether

whether for a ſing-ſong farce, or an epic poem?—whether to an architect of Gothic pyramids and Chineſe temples, or to a builder up of men?

What chance ſhall I ſtand then?—an humble retailer of others thoughts—a garbler of other mens wit!—

Nay, for the matter of that, I ſhall ſtand as good a chance as the beſt—for where no choice is, there can be no partiality:—ſo that you have only to recommend me to him who gives moſt, and leave me to make my bow.

Yet ſtill, I apprehend, the price of ſterling wit, muſt be indeterminate.

We read of ragged philoſophers, and poor poets, and rich patrons in all times —but we cannot eaſily decide who were the firſt that brought that commodity to market, and ſubmitted the value to be determined by inadequate judges— or, for no better reaſon but becauſe they were rich.

Some lords, we are aſſured, have had their prices in all ages—but they muſt be unlettered lords indeed, who weigh wealth againſt wit; or think the ſober inveſtigation of truth an object of paltry price.

For me, having but ſmall pretenſions to the countenance of ſuch only who could do me honour—I ſhall not look

for

for a patron, where it would be a disgrace to an honest man to find one—among pillaging Lords and murdering Nabobs — the spoilers of their own country, or the depopulators of remote regions.

I chuse rather to inscribe my stolen SCRAPS, as ALEXANDER bequeathed his plundered provinces—

TO THE WORTHIEST.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

'*Here lies the Body of* MRS. POWER,
'*Who delighted in doing* GOOD *every Hour.*'

THIS ruſtic Epitaph I ſtumbled upon in SUTTON, or SUTTON-COLDFIELD Church-yard in WARWICKSHIRE, about fifteen years ago—and I hope it is to be found there yet.

If any imagine it fictitious (which is not very material) they may be ſatiſfied of the truth, by conſulting the Pariſh-regiſter.

The memory of private good is ſeldom long-lived—Inſcriptions ſoon wear out, and ſtones moulder away.

But,

But, in my opinion, this inſcription ought to be kept up at the expence of the pariſh—and that Mr. PASTOR, for the time being, ſhould not, for the ſake of his flock, ſuffer ſuch a moral leſſon to be obliterated.

An annual Lecture, at the expence of ſome five pounds, to which both town and country ſhould be invited—upon the words, *He went about doing Good!*—or, *Go! and do thou likewiſe*—with a particular reference to Mrs. POWER's Tombſtone, might be productive of much good—

I can't tell you how much—but, perhaps, far more than we are aware of—more, I am perſuaded, than new-gilding

an

an old trumpery, perriwig-pated ſtatue —new-varniſhing the clock-caſe and ſun-dial—new-painting the churchyard rails.

As I hope to be happy, and moſt cordially wiſh the felicity of all my fellows!—was I a pariſhioner there, I would ſooner ſubſcribe to it—than to an annual ball, a bonfire, or a bull-baiting.

FOLLY.

FOLLY.

LET us ſee who's Fool now!

What's PRIDE? The Majeſty of FOLLY.

What's ENVY? the Sickneſs of FOLLY.

What's AVARICE? the Wretchedneſs of FOLLY.

What's UNCHARITABLENESS? Inhuman FOLLY.

What's INGRATITUDE? the Forgetfulneſs of FOLLY.

What's

What's CUNNING? the Wiſdom of FOLLY.

What's IRRELIGION? the Ignorance of FOLLY.

What's inordinate DESIRE? the Luſt of FOLLY.

What's GLUTTONY? the Beaſtlineſs of FOLLY.

What's WRATH? the Madneſs of FOLLY.

What's CRUELTY? the Conſummation of FOLLY.

What's SLOTH? the Self-enjoyment of FOLLY.

What's

What's FASHION? the Livery of FOLLY.

I ſhould preſently deafen you, was I to attempt to ring the changes upon the twelve bells of FOLLY—and myſelf too.

FASHION is a ſupernumerary one, and may be played on ſingly, when hands are wanting, as it comprehends the whole in itſelf.

There's my precious idiots!—Ring on! Ring on!—Be fools ſtill!—ſtill glory, each in his favourite Folly.

FREETHINKER.

FREETHINKER.

I Have no objection to Free-thinking; far from it—I am of opinion that it becomes every ſenſible man to be a FREETHINKER—nay more, that it is his duty, as a rational being.

We take too many things for granted—hence, groſs ABSURDITY becomes an eſſential part of RELIGION; and obſtinate CUSTOM has a conſiderable ſhare in our LAW.

Hence SUPERSTITION faſtens upon us for PIETY—we believe that to be the only Devotion, which is directly contrary to the Spirit of TRUE DEVOTION.

The

The lively ſenſe of GOD's unbounded MERCY—our own FAITH, and HOPE, and UNIVERSAL LOVE; are charmed into ſottiſh FEAR, and a diſtruſt of PROVIDENCE—or turned to moping MELANCHOLY, and black DESPAIR!

But what ſort of Free-thinking?—that's the queſtion?—the ſentiments muſt be rational, no doubt—they muſt be decent too:—otherwiſe, they will greatly reflect upon the candour of the author who publiſhes them.

In ſhort, the FREE-THINKER ought to be, as much as in him lies, a JUST-THINKER.

If he happens to think, not only extremely wide of ſettled eſtabliſhments, which have been proved, and found ſufficient to inſure (humanly ſpeaking) our welfare, both temporal and eternal —but that he wanders wide of NATURE, and turns his back upon REASON—that he lets fly as FANCY calls, and ſhuts his eyes againſt the light of TRUTH —and that where all is PEACE, he would kindle the fire of DISCORD:—I think it would argue great diſcretion in him, to confine his thoughts to his cloſet.

Men, however enlightened, are not to throw out at random—to pull down, from meer rage and wantonneſs of pulling down—to try experiments upon the weak and wavering—to lie perdue for us,

us, as though they were angling for gudgeons—or run us down the ſtream, at extended arm and long-line's length, with painted flies and falſe baits—

To ſee how their ſentiments will be received?—what the world will ſay?—what anſwers they may produce?

This is evidently the diverſion of a ſick mind, or a ſorry heart:—a wiſe, and of courſe, a good man,—propoſes no ſuch miſchievous entertainment.

He conſiders himſelf, in a great meaſure, born for the ſervice of ſociety—and if he may promulgate any good, without the hazard of bringing on a great inconveniency, he is ready, at all

times, to exert his faculties—fearleſs, and even without a fee.

His moſt earneſt endeavour and only drift, is to inſtruct his fellows—not to diſtract them.

LAW

Law and Lawyers.

NOthing is ſo much wanted, as a reviſal and abridgment of the Law:—next to which—

Nothing is more wanted, than a reformation in the practice and among the practitioners, in the ſeveral departments thereof.

Wordy and uncertain Laws, ſubject to the cavils and miſinterpretations of mercenary expoſitors, are certainly the worſt ſhackles a free people can wear.

One would be apt to conclude, that many of our Laws were made in behalf of the Lawyers; rather than for the be-

nefit and ſecurity of the injured and oppreſſed.

A nation of men, ought to be governed by a Code of ſalutary and wiſe Laws—not by a nation of wrangling Lawyers.

The beſt and moſt permanent Laws, were framed by wiſe men and Lawgivers — MOSES, MINOS, LYCURGUS, SOLON, PLATO, NUMA, ÆLFRED, &c. —not by profeſſed Lawyers ; who make a gainful traffic of litigation—and have always an intereſt in ſetting people together by the ears.

It affords ſmall conſolation to a free people, to be aſſured the principles of their

their Laws are good, and their fundamentals juſt—as long as the practice is notoriouſly pernicious and deſtructive of their property and peace.

Neither is it ſufficient to have a number of good Laws—provided they are negligently, erroneouſly and ſcandalouſly executed.

Wherever a Law is defective to the end propoſed, another ſhould be immediately framed.

The antiquity, or prevalency of a Law, is no reaſon why it ſhould ſubſiſt any longer; if, in ſome caſes, inadequate and diſproportioned; in others, immeaſurably hard.

'So ſays the Law; and ſo muſt we determine—we confeſs 'tis very hard, more eſpecially in the caſe before us—but there is no help at preſent—ſome of theſe days the Legiſlature may take it into conſideration; and amend the old, or enact a new.'

Here's Reaſon againſt Law, which is Reaſon, by the very Judges of the Law—

Such concluſions, which frequently occur in practice, againſt the very face of the Law; is reaſon ſufficient, why no further proceſs ſhould be tried, upon ſuch defective reaſon, till a reviſal has been made—abrogate it at once, and reviſe it afterwards.

The

The law is not only calculated for general, but private and particular good—every man, ſubject or alien, is to be benefitted by the law of the land he inhabits—but no individual injured.

Neither do I ſee any reaſon why a wholeſome law, become, in a manner, obſolete thro' neglect, ſhould remain a **dead Letter**:—The men who framed it, might poſſibly be as wiſe, as many in our day—and, a hundred to one, they were full as diſintereſted.

The laws are palpably and egregiouſly defective, where juſtice cannot be had, nor even a hearing obtained, but upon the moſt dilatory, expenſive, and even blood-ſucking terms.

They

They are alſo pernicious in the higheſt degree, when frivolous evaſions, vexatious chicanery, and lying, deteſtable ſham-pleas are admiſſible—by countenancing and ſpreading guilt, which ſhould be diſcouraged at all events, and even puniſhed—rendering a court of juſtice, a den of falſhood.

'What won't you ſuffer the man to put in his plea? ſays Serjeant Moot—to debar him his plea, would be very hard indeed!—when, if he has none ready, 'tis our buſineſs to deviſe and invent for him.'

That client of yours, Mr. Serjeant, promiſes to have but a ſorry appeal to Justice, who deſpiſes Truth.

Having

Having ſo many Methodiſt-preachers among us, who teach and exhort for God's ſake—'tis ſtrange, that out of ſuch an infinity of Barriſters, we have not a few Methodiſt-pleaders.

There muſt be a right and a wrong ſide in every action.

In ſpite of reaſon, juſtice and the beſt opinions previouſly had—no man—not the ableſt lawyer among them, can take upon him to determine the event of an action or ſuit.

We ought, at leaſt, to know what is law, what is not law, when we ſubmit our caſe to an eminent profeſſor of law, whom

whom we fee for his opinion:—ſtill we never know, but to our further coſt.

'Tis impoſſible the candid council on one ſide, ſhould be always able to ſee what the knaviſh practitioner on the other, may ſet up to defeat his honeſt client.

The wranglings among lawyers, frequently put one in mind of children playing at croſs-purpoſes.

They evidently debate for fees only—not for the love of juſtice and the cauſe of truth.

Tautology, and the multiplication of words, are the trammels of clients, and the nets and gins of lawyers.

There

There would be few law-ſuits, and mankind be left to follow their vocations in peace, and ſecurity, and brotherly love; if each was previouſly apprized of the folly and uncertainty of going to law—Inſtead of which—

'You have a good action!' ſays one attorney—'No man can have a better defence!' ſays another—'Courage, my lads!—keep it up!—never flinch!'—

"Well, I leave it to you, ſays the plaintiff—you'll make the *beſt* of it:—and I to you, ſays the defendant—you'll do what you can."

'Doubtleſs, we'll make the *moſt* of it'—ſay the ſniggering rogues.

As

As it is the duty of one ſide to maintain truth, ſo alſo is it the ſpecial buſineſs of the other, to evade and confound her as much as in him lies.

He was aware, from the beginning, it was a damnable plea—but he knew alſo, that ſuch damnable pleas had ſometimes ſucceeded—To inſtance only ſuch a caſe, and ſuch a caſe, and ſuch a caſe—in every one of which, blind JUSTICE was bothered 'till ſhe became deaf—and naked TRUTH diſcarded as a vagabond.

He conſidered the proffered fee, was due no leſs to his family than himſelf —which having accepted, it lay upon his conſcience to do his client's dirty work.

A mighty

A mighty pretty, honeſt, manly ſort of an employment, you ſeem to have taken up!

A man gains his ſuit—yet goes away diſſatisfied.

He has obtained a verdict with coſts—yet is he much time and money out of pocket.

The unſucceſsful gameſter, and the ſucceſsful ſuitor, are in a like ſituation —' Where's all your money?'—" I left mine at the Hazard-table — Where's your's? for I hear you gained your cauſe."—' The lawyers divided it among them.'

Dame

Dame LAW is remarkably provident towards all her members—thoſe ſhe conſiders with the fond partiality of parents to their legitimate iſſue:—No ANTIENT BRITONS can be more zealouſly attached to their remoteſt genealogies, nor MOUNTAIN-Scots to their clans—every one muſt come in for a kindred portion—All elſe ſhe accounts ſtrangers and aliens.

Many of the firſt fortunes in this kingdom, have been raiſed, within theſe two hundred years, by the practice of the Law:—Many of the faireſt fortunes, within that period, have been ruined by the ſame practice.

'Tis much wiſer, and abundantly cheaper to put up with loſs and damage

(tho'

(tho', perhaps, not inconſiderable) than to conteſt it.

A wicked relation or neighbour has brought a vexatious and expenſive ſuit upon me!—I am obliged to defend it!—and, tho' innocent, it cannot terminate but in my ruin!—

Is it ſufficient that the worthleſs plaintiff is non-ſuited?

Litigious ſuitors cannot be too much diſcouraged—In many caſes, they ought to be ſeverely fined, or otherwiſe puniſhed.

The ſame uncertain ſucceſs and cruel expence, which eggs on the unjuſt man,

to the moſt unwarrantable litigation; frightens the juſt man, and deters him from proſecuting or defending his claim.

'I'll give it up, ſays he, at once!—my peace is more to me, than my eſtate!—my beſt portion is my peace!—he who would rob me of that, is welcome to the other!—

'Beſides, who can foreſee when this will end?—for, as I underſtand, in Law-buſineſs, nothing can be determined—ſave that every thing is indeterminate!—

'I may be drawn on from term to term—and from year to year—and, perhaps, not live to ſee the end of it!—

'I ſhall

'I ſhall be robbed of my time, as well as my money!—the ſhort portion left me to make up my long accounts!—

'Surely, time was not given us for law-ſuits!—

'No, hang the eſtate! let it go—I never was a ſportſman in my life—and now ſhall hardly think of hazarding my ſlender means, and trying my fortune, for the firſt time, in the lottery of the law.'

The man who goes to law, on the ſcore of reputation, generally comes out of court more beſpattered than he went in—ſo lightly do thoſe gentlemen treat the bubble REPUTATION.

If ſcandalous reports and opprobrious names be the offence—let him prove his damage.

Perhaps he can't, in your ſenſe of the word:—He can only prove, that he has been moſt undeſervedly diſhonoured, and cruelly ſlandered.

'What, can he prove no damage?—Why then he has ſuſtained none—A clear caſe, my Lord!—Where no damage can be proved, there can be no injury—A few haſty expreſſions—which might as well have been ſpared—and ſome names, not of the moſt enticing ſound—(by which the gentleman may be nicknamed, as long as he lives)—but no Damage.'

If

If HORNS is the word—'tis the highest joke imaginable! — enough to set the court in a roar!—and drive the poor cuckold, covered with confusion for others guilt, quite out of the Hall!

If personal libels and pictures are the pleas—Who regards libels now-a-days? —they are so common, that, it seems universally agreed, 'tis folly to take notice of them.

In our days of general distraction, who has escaped the poisoned shaft of CALUMNY?—'twere a difficult matter to fix upon any character of known worth and dignity.—And for a picture—

'Why it may ſtand for one man, as well as another—

'Who can take upon him to ſwear 'twas made for ſuch a one?'—Tho' all the world acknowledges the likeneſs—ſo does the man in heart who pleads againſt it.

'Beſides, this is no portrait—'tis what you call a Caricature'—So much the worſe, friend.

'Neither is it a picture—A picture, I humbly conceive, ſhould be in oil and colours, or colours without oil:—So, I believe, every body underſtands a picture—

'But

'But this is no painting, or drawing with a pencil—this is, what you call, an Engraving—

'Yet now, when I look at it again, 'tis not an Engraving—an Etching, or hatching I take it to be—

'Tho' certainly it looks more like ſcratching with a dry needle—

'Or ſcraping:—Ay, ay, 'tis ſcraping! —ſure enough, 'tis ſcraping—'tis any thing, or nothing—for I defy any unprejudiced mortal to diſcover the leaſt harm in it—a meer imagination!—a *Jeu d'Eſprit!*'

That laſt conjecture has totally effaced every line of malignity—and it remains as harmleſs as a plate of plain copper.

How ſhould any man be able to ſpeak to the delicate point of Reputation, who has ſhook hands with MODESTY, and even ſhaken off common decency?

Do what you will, ſay what you liſt, you ſhall never want a frontleſs advocate.

The man who ſhould dare to ſet about confounding, or explaining away the obvious ſenſe—the true ſpirit and import of a law, for a fee, or otherwiſe, ſhould be puniſhable.

There

There is an ancient Law of a ſiſter kingdom, to this purpoſe—

An Act of the 22d. of K. JAMES I. of SCOTLAND, made in the parliament of PERTH, An. 1426.

The title—*That nane interpreit the Kingis Statutis.* Cap. 121.

"ITEM, The King of Deliverance of Counſall be maner of Statute forbiddis, that na man interpret his Statutis utherwayis, than the Statutis beiris, and to the intent and effect, that thay war maid for, and as the maker of thame underſtuid: and quhaſa dois the contrarie, ſalbe punist at the Kingis will."

Trial

Trial by Juries, is a plain argument of the ancient purity and ſimplicity of our Laws — otherwiſe, common men could not be judges:—they could never take upon them to define unintelligible jargon of no one language; nor determine upon what was wrapt up in a cloud of dark and ambiguous words.

At preſent, they commonly decide as well as the confuſion of the matter will ſuffer them:—tho', I think, in ſome modern caſes, it cannot be ſaid they have decided according to Law—but upon their own judgment—which happened, now and then, to be directly contrary to the ſcope and meaning of the Law.

In

In our time, a frontleſs Counſel, who ſaps the very foundation, and wrangles away the ſpirit of a Law—and brangles the Jury over to his opinion; which he knows to be falſe and black as his gown—will be ſure to be diſtinguiſhed, and to become a riſing man:—whilſt the juſt Advocate of the Laws of his Country, deploring the abuſe which he cannot remedy; retires from the noiſy bar, and contents himſelf with Chamber-practice—thereafter giving his ſage opinion of *What is Law*—not of what may be found to be ſuch.

Trial by Juries, is one of the boaſted Rights of ENGLISHMEN:—many advantages accrue to them, above other nations, from that grand privilege;—

many

many diſadvantages alſo ariſe to them from the ſame privilege.

If Juries are to be judges, as in moſt caſes they are, 'tis a weighty concern indeed! and ſhould be managed nicely, ſeriouſly, conſcientiouſly! — Freedom, property, perſonal injury, aſſault, and an endleſs train of guilt, are improper ſubjects of merriment; and Courts of Juſtice the moſt unfit ſcenes for jeſts: — yet how frequently are they made ſuch, by the wit of Counſel playing upon the ſhallow pates of Jurymen?

A weak brother overpowered by a ſtronger, taking it for granted he ſhall find that ſtrength in the Law which Nature has denied him as an individual, brings

brings his action againſt the brutal violator of his peace—perhaps he had done wiſer to have dropt the proſecution.

A remarkable inſtance of this kind, happened a few years ago.

One man was cruelly aſſaulted by another—beat and pulled by the noſe—the aſſault was ſufficiently proved—and the unſamaritan Jury, after taking the matter into conſideration, gave the plaintiff ONE FARTHING Damage:

But why give him any thing? you'll ſay—O, for the joke-ſake!—for the poor man went by the name of FARTHING-NOSE ever after—Ha! ha! ha!

'In

'In the Name of God!—whoſe ſacred Name, ſuch Jurors appear to me to have profaned—where's the jeſt?'

Why in the perjury—and the conceit, that twelve honeſt men would damn themſelves for the diverſion of the Court, and to entail ridicule upon their abuſed neighbour.

No expoſition appears to me to be more wanted, than one upon the nature of an Oath—not but that we have enow already:—but they are, in general, too learned and too laboured—ſpeaking and explaining more to the head, than to the heart—whereas ſuch a one as I wiſh for, cannot be too ſimple and conciſe.

A po-

A poſitive Oath, according to my conception, will not admit of any qualifying gloſs, or the minuteſt mental reſervation.

In a country, where ſwearing is ſo common—(tho' COMMON SWEARING is puniſhable by Statute) that every thing is determined upon Oath:—where hardly any man is ſuffered to carry on his lawful buſineſs, without ſwearing and damning himſelf—much oftener than he is obliged to go to Church:—ſuch a conciſe and friendly monitor, I perſuade myſelf, would be of great uſe.

I would have copies of it ſtuck up in every part of his Majeſty's Dominions—as far as the Laws of ENGLAND ex-

tend—even to the remoteſt regions of the world—

Againſt churches, chapels, conventicles, gates, walls, pillars and common piſſing-places — even upon ſtiles and trees—

In all marts, meetings, fairs, exchanges and places of public reſort—

In courts of juſtice, juſtice-ſhops, and public offices—more eſpecially in the three principal, the ſtamp-office, the exciſe and cuſtom-houſe—in the laſt of which it ought to be printed in ſuch ſtaring CAPITALS, that he who runs may read.

Common

Common Swearing, heaven forgive us! is ſhocking enough!—but Common Perjury is dreadful!

Several country Attornies and Pettifoggers are the terror of all around them:—they are feared, as men fear vipers and ſcorpions; from the power which is in them of doing miſchief.

It were to be wiſhed the number of Attornies was limited—that they were perſonally known, in the reſpective Courts to which they belong—and, not only regiſtered, but even muſtered and called over every Term.

If any charge of malepractice lay againſt an Attorney; ſuch matter ſhould

be cleared up, before he was ſuffered to act any more.

In a concern of ſo ſacred a nature as the Law of the Land; every unworthy practitioner, bringing a diſhonour upon that profeſſion of which he is a miniſter, ſhould be detected, and brought to infamy and condign puniſhment, in a ſummary way.

Every Attorney ſhould be obliged to act, in all cauſes in which he was intereſted, in his own name, or not at all.

The contrary practice gives an opening to duplicity and deceit—the pernicious conſequence whereof is not eaſily to be foreſeen—and from which the ma-

jeſty of the Law (of a divine nature, tho' of human inſtitution) ſhould be free from the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion.

Pettifoggers, the greateſt peſts of this nation, would no longer be able to claim the ſanction of a Court of Juſtice, as a cloke for their abominable knaveries; but would be conſtrained to find out honeſt employments:—while men of honour of the profeſſion, would be diſtinguiſhed, reſpected, eſteemed—as they deſerve to be.

The Law of perſonal Arreſts for debt (as it is managed and abuſed throughout this kingdom) calls aloud for redreſs.

It cries to heaven!—and blaſts the reputation of a country, in what it is ſo ſuperiorly gifted above all others—its Wiſdom and its Liberty!

It is not to be juſtified by any mode of reaſon—for it is againſt all right reaſon—nor even to be palliated.

Every individual has it in his power, under the common privilege of perſonal Arreſt for debt, to be the immediate executioner of his fellow.

A deſigning man, under the maſk of friendſhip, may intice an unwary into his books—promiſe him time for payment—and throw him into priſon the next hour.

Any

Any one may gratify his revenge upon another—by the medium of a ſlip of parchment.

There are ſhops, where they are publickly ſold, like common traffic—Nobody knows you, nor cares any thing about you—you have only to go to one of thoſe, and kiſs a naſty book, worn out with beaſtly thumbs and lying lips—pay your money (no queſtions aſked) and come your ways.

Shall it be at the option of one man, to ſeize upon another, at a moment's warning—to diſtract his buſineſs, deſtroy his market, ruin his credit, and hurry him to priſon, without a hearing?

—This in a free country—in a commercial country too?

Is he to be imprisoned first—when he stands charged with no other trespass but debt—and heard—it may be some three, or six, or nine months after?

What can be more inhuman, than to throw at once —(in an instant!) —a just debtor into the same situation with the most profligate felon—in every respect the same, save his fetters?

But his case is still harder than that of the hardened thief, or miscreant traitor—who has undergone an examination, and, upon the judgment of the magistrate, stands committed.—

To

To make him over to a ſet of mercileſs villains, called Bailiffs—who are a diſgrace to the name of Officer—and ſhew rather like hangmen, and tormentors, or hired aſſaſſins—than the ſober miniſters of juſtice.

To leave the honeſt debtor, newly dragged —(without a minute's warning, to provide againſt an exigency, which, it may be, he foreſaw not) — newly dragged, I ſay, from his habitation, family, buſineſs—in the hands of ſuch a crew !—ſhut up in a cell, belonging to the caitiff catchpoll; ſecured by double bolts and bars !—ſubject to the taunts and inſolence of the abandoned minions of his power—wretches without bowels !

Is the liberty of a free man of a free country—or of a free citizen of any country, to be held ſo cheap, as to lie at the mercy of ſuch ſhameleſs and remorſeleſs villains—who live by profligacy, and make a trade of miſery, of ſin and cruelty.

But Lawyers have no cauſe of complaint on this ſcore, but much the contrary—for here the ruin of thouſands commences—ſuit begets ſuit, and action quickens action!

Beſides, they are exempted—tho' Divines and Phyſicians are not:—the dirtieſt pettifogger, who has no cauſe to plead, but the common cauſe of the diſtreſs and deſtruction of his kind; which he

he purſues with unwearied application—can boaſt a privilege, which the worthieſt ſubjects of ENGLAND (the peerage and the people's repreſentatives excepted) cannot—FREEDOM from PERSONAL ARREST for DEBT.

Again let us conſider this reproachful matter for a moment—

Shall it remain in the power of one ſubject, at the inſtant of his will and pleaſure, to deprive another of his liberty—to immure him—to give him over to the tormentor; who may deny him the uſe of pen, ink, and paper—the benefit of a meſſenger—the converſation of his friends?—and all this under the colour,

lour, iniquity, or ill proviſion of the law?

What Engliſhman doubts this ſerious truth?

May not any man, as the law ſtands at preſent, and is in daily practice—by himſelf, or with the aid of an attorney, ſwear a falſe, or diſputable debt, and thereby obtain a warrant for any ſum, againſt another, who owes him little or nothing—it may be not the tithe of what he has ſworn to—or whom, perhaps, he ſcarcely ever ſaw—and, upon giving the ſame to a raſcal, who wears the title of officer, ſhall not the innocent party thereupon be arreſted, impriſoned—it may be

be aſſaſſinated, or conveyed out of the kingdom?—

Have we not a memorable inſtance of a horrid effect, produced by this egregious overſight in our laws concerning perſonal arreſts for debt—enough to make Britons, inhabiting that part of our iſland called England, tremble—and foreigners quake, as if ſeized with the horrors of an inquiſition, or Baſtille!—and, ſurely enough to have alarmed any wiſe legiſlature, jealous of the public freedom, and no leſs of every free individual, to guard againſt every poſſible miſchief of that kind in future?—Yet does not the law ſtand, for the moſt part, as it did?

Was not a foreign nobleman, known by the title of the Marquis De Fratteaux

TEAUX—who fled to this kingdom (as it was ſaid and is generally believed) to avoid the reſentment of an incenſed father, upon ſome family difference—and after having reſided a conſiderable time in this LAND of LIBERTY—wherein all breathe the breath of FREEDOM—as well BLACKS as WHITES—according to the late determination of a NOBLE CHIEF JUSTICE!—

Was not that gentleman, about ſeventeen years ago, ſeized by a couple of kidnapping bailiffs—armed with the authority of a writ—whereto was ſworn a large ſum of money againſt him—a debt which he had never contracted?—

Was he not, under that pretext, taken from MARYBONE where he lodged,

to

to the houſe of one of the aſſaſſins—thence, by the ſaid ruffians, put on board a ſhip, and by them conveyed to FRANCE?—ſince when he has never more been heard of.

Was any particular ſearch made after thoſe villains?—(one of whom, I am told, is yet living in a neighbouring ſea-port of France)—Ought they not tohave been demanded, ſooner than robbers, or even murderers?—as having brought a ſcandal upon our laws; under colour whereof, they had perpetrated a crime, for which they ſhould have been purſued to Hell's gates for their deſtruction—!

'But wherefore ſtrain your lungs ſo about the ſcoundrels?—for, after all you have

have ſaid, I queſtion much whether their offence exceeded a three-and-four-penny, or a ſix-and-eight-penny miſdemeanor—and begging pardon upon their marrow-bones, of courſe, and promiſing never to do the like again—'till they had as fair an opportunity.'

I believe you are in the right:—A couple of well-tongued counſel, well feed—might, poſſibly, have brought it to that eaſy iſſue.

The FATE of FRATTEAUX may be frequently acted over again—Why not?—It would have afforded a pretty ſubject for an hiſtorical play, had it happened about the beginning of the laſt century—

And

And if ſuch mighty miſchief rarely happens—as crimes of the greateſt turpitude, like comets, blaze not every day—it argues the vileſt of the people, bad as they are, to be better than that law, which leaves an opening for them to commit the moſt deteſtable offences.

But there are many misfortunes, numberleſs evils ariſing from that fell miſchief, that crooked channel, which few can judge of!—'Tis true, they generally light upon the poor, and thoſe who are without means to redreſs themſelves.

Law is expenſive—ſo that the poor muſt be contented to ſit down quietly with their injuries, leſt a worſe fate befal them.—What can a man do, who has

no

no money?—for there's no going to market, even *in Forma Pauperis*, without it.

To all this, the Lawyers, who have no other word but ACTION in their mouths, reply—

'The injured have their action—Any perſon arreſted, has only to pay the money, or put in bail (which will gain him ſome time for payment) or defend the action at common law.'

But ſuppoſe he can't find bail—being charged with a much heavier debt than he owes—which would plainly appear upon trial—the plaintiff, he is fully perſwaded, not being able to prove one fourth, it may be, not a tenth of what he

he has cruelly laid upon him.—This circumſtance, however, greatly alarms his friends (as they are called in the language of the world) who thereupon fly him.—Or the arreſt is entirely falſe, groundleſs, malicious!—Nevertheleſs his friends keep aloof, and watch to ſee how providence will enable him to get over it.

'In either caſe, 'tis very hard—but, notwithſtanding, if he can't bail—why, he muſt go to priſon.'

What, and try the merits afterwards?

'Ay, if he chuſes it.'

Is there no other alternative?

 'None.'

'None.'

That's a defect indeed!—not but that I think the debtor's body is his creditor's—ſo ſays the law of moſt countries; antient and modern, Jewiſh and Gentile, Pagan and Chriſtian—Let him take it!—But firſt, let us be well aſſured he has a right to it.

And even then, ſays the deſponding debtor, he cannot hold it for ever!—The Jews had their Sabbatical year of releaſe—and our Chriſtian acts of Inſolvency commonly come round every ſeventh year.

How comes it to paſs that our ruffians in office, I mean Bailiffs, have departed from

from the antient and univerſal practice in all civilized countries, of wearing the livery of their office?

The Varlets and Serjeants, as they were called formerly, were diſtinguiſhed by their habit—they uſed no counterfeits *—

It appears to me to be below the dignity of the Law, that they ſhould:—No part of juſtice, and the Law, I humbly conceive, is to be acted in maſquerade—

* A man of my profeſſion *never counterfeits*, 'till he lays hold upon a debtor, and ſays, he *reſts* him; for then he brings him to all manner of *unreſt*.—BEN JONSON. *See*, Every Man in his Humour, Act IV. Scene 11.

This is to make downright mummers of their inferior miniſters—

Dangerous mummers indeed! — for they paſs now in all manner of diſguiſes — and inſtead of the peaceable mace, the ſober ſymbol of civil power, the villains commonly parade it with bludgeons, and concealed weapons, as is notorious to all men! — Yet not a Lawyer is to be found who has honeſty enough, to declare the practice infamous and illegal!

'They could not ſo readily acquit themſelves of their ſervice in a known habit—they might be liable to interruption, and even abuſe'—

Far

Far leſs ſo, in my opinion, than at preſent—Is not the Law ſtrong enough to ſupport itſelf?—Beſides, who ſhall dare to inſult or oppoſe the avowed and liveried officer of juſtice, in the execution of his duty?

In the free ſtates of the UNITED PROVINCES—where little freedom is, in compariſon with what BRITONS boaſt, and have a right to enjoy—no inferior miniſter of juſtice dares to enter the meaneſt citizen's houſe.

His houſe is his ſtrong fortreſs of defence againſt the face of his enemies; which he has a right to defend againſt every invader:—and ſo far from daring to drag the maſter from his habitation,

for a matter of debt; that the freeman has a right to treat him after what manner he pleaſes, for encroaching upon his firſt privilege, and breaking in upon the repoſe of his family.—The queſtion is not, how he got in?—but, how he came there at all?—How he preſumed to tread his premiſes, without his permiſſion?

This ſounds ſomewhat like the voice of LIBERTY!—Indeed, 'tis a voice which cannot eaſily be miſtaken!—ſo melodious, and yet ſo manly ſweet, as hardly to be counterfeited!—a happy tenor, betwixt the ITALIANS ſhrill treble, and the roaring BRITONS baſs.

Yet there are numberleſs debts contracted, and many ill paid, in that mart of general commerce, the States dominions;

nions; as every one muſt ſuppoſe to be the caſe.

And how are creditors righted, and debtors treated, think you?

With that equal juſtice and due decorum, which befits the wiſdom of magiſtracy, preſiding over the firſt commercial, opulent, flouriſhing and beſt regulated conntry in EUROPE.

One citizen having a legal demand upon another, requeſts his account from time to time—till tired out with delay; he gives him this fair notice—'Unleſs you diſcharge me by ſuch a day, you may depend upon it, I ſhall cite you before the magiſtracy.'

The time elapſed, and no payment made, the debtor receives a ſummons to attend the court on ſuch a day—he dare not diſobey.

The parties met, not by their attornies, but face to face—the creditor prefers his complaint—the debtor makes his reply:—Both are alike attended to—JUSTICE knows no diſtinction of parties—the creditor and the debtor are the ſame.

Here it behoves either party to ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth—even without an oath:—Oaths ſeldom bind, after truth ceaſes to be obligatory.

'You are met before us for juſtice—you ſhall have it:—So ſhall you—ay, and mercy too, if you deſerve it:—But remember, each of you, that we rely on every word you ſay—No ſhuffling, no evaſion, no lying!—

'The man who dares to falſify the truth before the magiſtrate, deſerves no mercy!—Now, ſpeak your complaint, as a man, and as a juſt man.'

But I beg leave to digreſs a little—

In matters of debt, a queſtion frequently ariſes, which ſorry Attornies and dirty Bailiffs are very bad judges of—and for which even the common Law of the land has made but a ſcanty proviſion,

viſion, in ſome caſes; and in others, none at all:—How, and after what manner, was the debt contracted?

Goods ſold and delivered, and even proved to have been delivered, is not always ſufficient:—What ſort of goods, how conditioned, how rated, how delivered?—Under what verbal or written promiſe, reſpecting time, on the ſide of either party?—Whether to be paid for, when ſold; or returned, if not ſold?—with numberleſs other circumſtances, of the higheſt conſequence in trade, deſerving the utmoſt conſideration, and requiring the moſt unprejudiced and refined diſtinction to be able to unravel.

Paper

Paper produced and identified, carries no proof after what manner ſuch paper was obtained—far leſs does it admit of, or diſcover any ſecret reſervation between the parties—who, if they were cited to appear face to face, could ſatisfy the Court in a few minutes, better than a Chancery-bill of twelve hours long, or all the wrangling Lawyers in the Kingdom.

'Well—if you are diſappointed in one Court, I am ſorry for you—but, heaven be praiſed! we have more courts than one:—Our forefathers, many of whom were Lawyers, have provided us with an ample portion of Law!

'No

'No freeborn Engliſhman, ſay they, ſhall want Law!—'tis his birthright!—his inheritance!—as long as he has any money in his pocket.

'We have a Court—the peculiar bleſſing of which is, to mitigate the ſeverity and abate the rigour of the Common-Law Courts:—wherein the minuteſt matters are weighed with learned and juſt diſtinction—from which tribunal, to the eternal honour of a long ſucceſſion of great and able preſidents be it ſpoken, very few cauſes have been appealed, in compariſon with the number of equitable determinations made—But it is rather expenſive carrying huſineſs thro'—'

But

But wherefore lead me a dance thro' many Courts?—Why refer me to another, when I ſtand here for juſtice and my right?—Is not this a Court of Juſtice?

'Doubtleſs—'tis a Court of Common Law.'

Is not a Court of Common Law a Court of Juſtice?

'Unqueſtionably.— every Court of Law is a Court of Juſtice—'

Well then—what hinders?

'Nay, 'tis all over with you here—your relief, now, muſt be in Equity—'

What's

What's that?—Is not the Common-Law, Juſtice?—and Juſtice, Equity?

'They are all the ſame, in one ſenſe—and yet they differ widely—'

Juſtice and Equity differ widely?—how can that be?

'No, no!—they are the ſame—all but the difference—which proceeds from their having—(what ſhall I call them?)—a ſort of different principles—'

Different principles, proceeding from one and the ſelf-ſame immutable principle!—I don't underſtand you!—

'The

'The error lies in your want of comprehenſion—Know then, that the juſtice of Common Law is one thing, and the juſtice of Equity another.'

Juſtice, and Equity, and Common Law!—you confound me!—and, I fear, you confound yourſelves!—

'If you mean to obtain your right, you muſt purſue it cloſely; and reſolutely fight thro' the weapons of your defence!—But if you deſert your property, you will have nobody to blame but yourſelf.

'Why loiter then?—why not purſue it?—when I can lead you to the very ſpot where it lies?—carefully and curiouſly

riouſly wrapt up in a napkin of many folds!'

Becauſe, I foreſee I am in purſuit of a chimera, which has ſufficiently drained me already—and ſhould have loſt heart long ago, was it not that I obſerve thoſe honeſt gentlemen, my upright Counſel and moſt aſſiduous Solicitor, are ſo zealouſly bent upon recovering my right, that they will not give it up—as long as I can find a guinea to fee them.

But to return to my Dutch determination in point—which is rather more ſimple, than what we have been ſpeaking of.

MAGISTRATE *to the* CREDITOR.) Does this man owe you ſo much—upon ſuch and ſuch credit—in every reſpect according to the manner in which you have ſtated it, and agreeable to this account which lies before us? — Anſwer me, upon the faith of an honeſt man and a good citizen!

(CREDITOR.) He does.

MAGISTRATE *to the* DEBTOR.) Do you, upon the ſame faith! deny the debt, or diſpute any part of the account?

(DEBTOR.) I confeſs the debt, and admit the juſtice of his demand in the fulleſt extent.

(MAGISTR.) Why then don't you pay the honeſt man his money?

(DEBTOR.) I cannot, at preſent—it is not in my power!—

(MAGISTR.) You ſeem to have had every reaſonable indulgence; and I ſhall be ſorry to find you have made a bad uſe of it:—you bear a reſpectable character in your neighbourhood, for all that I have ever heard—No complaints have ever been preferred againſt you—In what time, think you, can you ſatisfy him?

(DEBTOR.) In ſix weeks, three months, ſix months, a twelvemonth—*(any given time)*

(MAGISTR.)

(MAGISTR.) How ſtands the ſtate of your affairs?

(DEBTOR.) Bleſſed be God! well—at leaſt, ſafe.

(MAGISTR.) Have you ſufficient to ſatisfy all juſt demands upon you?

(DEBTOR.) I hope ſo—and ſomething to ſpare—For the preſent, 'tis rather hard with me!—I have lately over-purchaſed, or over-paid, or over-credited—but things will come round in a little time, and I ſhall be in a condition to pay every body:—Mean while, I am always ready to make a full diſcloſure of my debits and credits to whomſoever they concern.

(MAGISTR.) Spoke like an honeſt man!—the time you require is granted. —Do what you can for your creditors; which every juſt dealer conſiders as doing for himſelf—when the limitation is elapſed, if you find you can't ſatisfy, apply to us, and you ſhall have further indulgence—

—But do not drive matters too far—to too great an extremity—If you find you can't go on, better to break off in time—Embezzle not the effects of your creditors, nor perſevere in diſappointing them—neither diſtract yourſelf!—

—You know you may, at any hour, come here, and ſurrender your all in their behalf—from that moment (no charge

charge of guilt lying againſt you) you are a free man.—

—The priſons of our country were made for felons, traitors, incendiaries, ſharpers, vagrants, looſe livers, the profligate, ſeditious and incorrigible—not for honeſt debtors.

(Debtor.) God proſper the States of the United Provinces, and preſerve your Lordſhips!

This, you'll ſay, agrees not with the conſtitution and cuſtom of our country. —I am heartily ſorry for it.

Yet every reaſonable ſubject muſt allow, 'tis better to ſatisfy juſt creditors

as far as we are able, than to employ their ſubſtance, in paying attornies coſts and bailiffs warrants — and ſpunging-houſe reckonings and keepers fees?

But as the Law ſtands with us, at preſent, how are they to be avoided?—I wiſh Serjeant PUT-CASE would inform me.

(Serjeant PUT-CASE.) The caſe is clear enough—by keeping out of debt—*out of debt, out of danger*, as my brother ADAGE ſays.

(AUTHOR.) Nay, but that's a quibble, Mr. Serjeant—for I ſuppoſe the man already in debt—a circumſtance ſcarcely to be avoided in a commercial country.

(Serj.

(Serj. Put-caſe.) Then let him prevail upon his principal creditor to take out a commiſſion:

(Author.) I will ſuppoſe he owes a thouſand pounds, and has not above a hundred to divide — Methinks 'twere better the creditors had it than the lawyers—for the commiſſion, as I underſtand, will coſt very near that ſum.

(Serj. Put-case.) So much the better—for then he'll come in for his certificate for nothing—Ha, ha, ha!

(Author.) I know you gentlemen love a joke, coſt what it will.—But ſuppoſe he ſhould never be able to get his certificate?

(Serj. PUT-CASE.) Then the worſe luck for him.

(AUTHOR.) So where much is, the Lawyers content themſelves with a handſome ſhare?—Where little is, the Law ſweeps all?—

(Serj. PUT-CASE.) Ay, to be ſure—how can they take leſs?

(AUTHOR.) I find there's no talking to a Lawyer, but in his own way.

Enough, then, for the preſent, of the folly and inhumanity of PERSONAL ARREST for DEBT.

I could

I could wiſh to ſee the laws of my country, reſpecting ordinary treſpaſſes; as clear and intelligible as the TEN COMMANDMENTS.—And that—

Every Law was diſtinct and ſimple of itſelf—not blended with others—and ſummed up in the feweſt and plaineſt words imaginable.

In many matters of offence (ſuch as occur moſt frequently)—it would not be amiſs to annex under each Law, the ſhort reaſon thereof—as well to enlighten and eſtabliſh the innocent; as, in ſome meaſure, to awaken and deter the guilty.

Whence comes it to paſs, that thoſe plain laws, THOU SHALT NOT KILL!—

THOU

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!—after having been twiſted and tortured all poſſible ways to determine, What is murder? What is theft?—ſhall remain far leſs intelligible, than they were at firſt?—ſo that a jury of twelve honeſt men ſhall be confoundedly puzzled, to decide according to law, whether the culprit has been guilty of wickedly ſlaying, or ſtealing?

No delinquent ought to profit by the error of an indictment—it may reflect upon the inſufficiency or venality of ſome particular officer—but can in nowiſe affect the criminality in queſtion.

Errors in indictments ſhould be carefully guarded againſt—as often as they

arife

arise from negligence, they ought to be severely reprehended—if from apparent design, exemplarily punished.

But they seldom, or ever could happen, where the Law was concise, clear and expressive—instead of being verbose, vague and evasive.

Punishments should bear, as near as possible, a just proportion to crimes—There is a proportion of offence, and there ought also to be a proportion of punishment.

Capital punishments are too frequent among us—and we find, by experience, that they rather increase, than lessen the number of offenders.

Be-

Beſides, they are diſproportioned—without rule or meaſure.

We hang pickpockets—and ſuffer the robbers of the public to rule over us.

Forgery has encreaſed conſiderably, of late years, ſince forgery was made capital—'tis now-a-days one of the moſt common crimes among us.

Hanging then, 'tis plain, is no cure for forgery, ſave in the perſon of the offender.

It puts an end to being, but it deters not from committing the offence.

What

What mode of punishment, think you, might prove more effectual—and yet to spare the life?—To strike off the false hand of the offender, and set him free.

There is a vice, said to be among us of late years (tho' 'tis certain our ancestors knew very little of it)—a vice, which I forbear to name—Yet the apostle PAUL has stigmatized it sufficiently—He calls it the sin of *men abusing themselves with men*—against which detestable and unmanly lust, a more terrific punishment, as I conceive, even than death, might be awarded — more especially to such timid, such chicken-hearted wretches — Castration. — Those who so shamefully abuse their manhood, ought

not to live, nor even to die with the eſſential marks of a man.

Juries, I obſerve, have fallen upon a very dangerous practice, more of late years, than ever—eſpecially in criminal cauſes—'tis high time they ſhould be warned of it—

I mean of bringing in a verdict, contrary to the tenor of a poſitive oath they have taken—which is, to find the party guilty or not guilty of the indictment.

It is not in their power to mitigate the offence—no more than they can qualify or change the nature of their oath.

A piece

A piece of plate, or a watch of the value of five pounds, or forty ſhillings, can never be reduced to ten pence, by any jury who recollect themſelves—that they have juſt called upon God, in the moſt ſolemn manner, to witneſs for the purity and diſintereſtedneſs of their determinations.

This is to make themſelves judges of the puniſhment, as well as of the offence.

Such inconſiderate Jurors are called MERCIFUL JURIES—which is an improper epithet for Juries :—they ſhould be, in every ſenſe, JUST JURIES.

Yet, according to the preſent diſproportion of puniſhments among us, this human

human error (in itſelf no leſs than a ſpecies of PERJURY) is to be winked at.

Well-regulated Work-houſes and Houſes of Correction, were a ſufficient puniſhment for many and early crimes —from the neglect of which, we hang in cartloads, and tranſport in ſhip-loads.

In the courſe of the year, full as great a number find their account in the chicanery of the Law—as are benefited by the equitable determination thereof.

The Law is ſo far a Lottery—that a man who gains his cauſe, or eſcapes the puniſhment which awaited his guilt; is ſaid to have had GOOD LUCK :—for the odds at ſtarting are ſeldom more or leſs againſt him,

him, than as ſo many blanks to a prize in a Lottery.

But ſo jealous are we of our Laws, upon a falſe ſuppoſition that our Liberties hang upon each letter, that we chuſe to preſerve them (even ſuch as are manifeſtly dangerous and oppreſſive) in the ſame ſtate; rather than ſet about amending, or abridging them, either in matter or method—'For to amend and abridge, ſay they, is dangerous work!'

This is the conſtant doctrine of Lawyers:—And who are ſuch good judges of what is beſt—for themſelves?

'We have not half words enough, ſay they, as it is—ſo that we are obliged to

run over the ſame again and again — What does the blockhead mean then by abridging?

'Beſides, ſhall we take upon us to new-frame and new-model, after my Lord Coke?—who has adjuſted every thing almoſt a century and a half ago—

'—Such pigmies in Law, as we are! —more eſpecially now—when half the gowns in Weſtminſter-Hall, were hardly ſufficient to line one of his Lordſhip's ſleeves!'

But could ſuch a Code, as I particularly contend for—a Code of conciſe Laws reſpecting common treſpaſſes, be had—I ſhould be content to leave the

matter of property, for the preſent, to be wrangled out according to the practice now in uſe—

I can ſee no impropriety there would be, in reading to the congregation, every Sunday, a ſhort chapter of ſuch Laws —conciſe, yet full; with their reaſons annexed — immediately after Morning Prayer.

I cannot help thinking it would be full as uſeful, poſſibly more, than a chapter of LEVITICUS or DEUTERONOMY for the Firſt Leſſon.

Many err from ignorance (I may venture to ſay, moſt)—from not knowing the conſequence, nor conſidering the

danger: — The more mischief we can prevent, the better.

The statute against profane cursing and swearing, appointed to be read in all churches and chapels, four times a year—has done little service, at least, in our day.

The evil is grown to such a height, that our very language is corrupted, by a profusion of endless old and new-coined oaths.

That act, like most others, is too verbose for the people to comprehend—

The matter of offence, which ought to be most regarded, and of which we should never

never loſe ſight, is left far behind—diſtinctions of ranks in ſociety are introduced, and diſproportioned penalties annexed—which in concluſion, brings it to this point—'that no man is entitled to ſwear—*having no money in his pocket.*'

SWEAR NOT AT ALL! is far more emphatical—

The wretch who ſwears, profanes his MAKER's name, and deſpiſes his GOD!—

He who deſpiſes his GOD, will ſoon be brought to deſpiſe mankind and the laws—

This I take to be more than a twelve-penny offence.

How is it to be cured?—Doubtleſs it may — for every immorality admits a cure.

The wanton ſwearer ſhould be ſeverely reprehended, 'till he is made to bluſh at his folly, and led by confuſion to repentance.

The miſchievous ſwearer, for the firſt time, ſhould be brought to a ſenſe of his double guilt, and made to implore Heaven's pardon and man's forgiveneſs.

But if he offends repeatedly, he ſhould be condemned to confinement with bread and water—Liberty ſufficient, and nourifhment

riſhment too good for ſuch a recreant wretch.

The Lying Swearer no leſs—who while he perſiſts in his wickedneſs, ſhall be the ſcorn and contempt of his fellows and of all good people.

The Lawyers may poſſibly deride my propoſal—the Clergy too, for aught I know, may join in the laugh—

But in the face of both Law and Goſpel, will I maintain—That nothing can be more rational in itſelf, nor more conducive to the public welfare—than that a neceſſary and moſt eſſential part of the Law of the country, ſhould make a part of the religion of the country.

The reading of the Law in the temple is a very antient cuſtom.—The people of God, as they are called, have preſerved that practice from the days of Moses—and will continue the ſame, in all human probability, till the end of the world.

Their inſtitute, you'll ſay, is divine—ſo is every one—at leaſt, founded upon the divine attributes, as far as human wiſdom is capable of inveſtigating them—local cuſtoms and privileges excepted.

But enough concerning the reformation and amendment, of what will hardly ever be reformed in our days.

There

There are too many interested in continuing our Law and Practise, in its present confused and oppressive state.

If any think I have dwelt too long upon this article — let them consider awhile of its importance—of the enormous growth and grandeur of this evil—and of how much more remains to be said—and they will rather admire that I have been so brief.

Literary Property.

IS there no law in this free country, where every man is bleſt in the poſſeſſion of what he owns, to ſecure Literary Property?

'None ſufficient, it ſeems'—

Why then I heartily wiſh there was.

We have laws to ſecure not only the property of horſes, but of dogs—not only of partridges, but of their eggs—not only of fiſh, but of their ſpawn.

A man ſhall be ſeverely handled for ſhooting a hare, or angling a trout; which

which never coſt the preſumptive owner any thing:—the hare happened to ſit down in his manor—the fiſh chanced to ſwim up to his royalty.

But the book, we may ſuppoſe, coſt the author much ſtudy, much pains—and, what is in itſelf invaluable, a conſiderable portion of his time:—Time ſpent in the ſervice of the public (if properly ſpent)—from whence a conſiderable benefit may ariſe to the public, in more reſpects than one—(if the heart of the writer happened to lay in the right place)—and from whence, generally ſpeaking, a very inconſiderable advantage has accrued to himſelf.

It

It is no ſuch trifling conſideration as ſome imagine; neither is it an eaſy matter to eſtimate the real worth of the ſound Caſuiſt, the experienced Philoſopher, the ſkilful Demonſtrator, the faithful Hiſtorian, the juſt Critic, the good Writer—or to ſay how much the age is indebted to the candour and ingenuity, and no leſs to the ſpirit of liberty and benevolence of the living author—who feels as he ought, and writes as he feels.

But that ſuch may not be entirely abandoned, and lie at the mercy of their unreflecting and diſſipated fellows—ſee how wonderfully PROVIDENCE provides!—There are a ſet of men called BOOKSELLERS, who make a traffick of the ſpirit of Brain which diſtils from

their

their pens:—Many of them deal largely, and hazard a great part of their ſubſtance in that precious commodity.

The property being once conveyed, whole and entire, from the author, for, what is called, a valuable conſideration to the bookſeller—he, the ſaid bookſeller, has an unqueſtionable right, thereafter to multiply copies of the ſame, after any form and manner, as to his good liking ſhall ſeem beſt, for his own particular benefit and emolument—neither ſhall any have licence to utter, vend, print, pirate, abridge, haſh, fritter, part or parcel thereof, without the concurrence of him the ſaid purchaſer.

It

It is become a part of his freehold—and ſo I underſtand it to be accounted in every country in EUROPE—the Imperial, Royal, Ducal, or State-privilege amounting to no leſs.

He may ſell, let, leaſe, mortgage the whole or any part thereof—

He may convey in truſt, give outright, deviſe by will—

In caſe of any misfortune to himſelf, it becomes the property of his creditors—

In the purchaſe thereof, he hazarded a conſiderable part of their ſubſtance, as well as his own; and it now devolves to them to make good deficiencies.

But,

But, it ſeems, it bears no title—at beſt, an imaginary one.

To the right owner, by purchaſe, whom it coſt a thouſand pounds; it is not worth a thouſand pence:—But, to the thief, who ſtole it, knowing it to be another's property — (there being no Law to hang ſuch thieves) — it has been worth far more than the firſt purchaſe.

This appears to be a matter of ſome moment, upon ſeveral accounts—and, ſooner or later, we hope, will be thought an object worthy the attention of the Legiſlature.

I need ſay no more upon this head—much has been ſaid upon it, within

theſe

theſe few years, in the Courts of Chancery and King's Bench—but nothing has been effectually done—ſave that not only the uſual, but even enormous fees (too much in uſe of late, and advancing every Term) have been expended.

At preſent, the matter of LITERARY PROPERTY, ſcarce amounts to any property at all—and leaves the caſe of Authors, a lamentable caſe indeed!—

For diſappoint them of their Bookſellers, and they are undone! — Cry down the only market for Literature, where ſhall they ſell their ware?—Spoil them of the only patrons, which modiſh folly and a diſſipated age have left—what muſt become of them?

They

They will no longer be able to wait upon MINISTERS and MANAGERS in clean ſhirts and hoſe!—ragged and dearned ones, they have been contented to put up with a long while.

But you would not, ſurely, reduce them, once more, to the painful neceſſity of hawking their hiſtories, and ſinging their ballads through the ſtreets!

MELANCHOLY.

MELANCHOLY!—that's a ſpacious field indeed!—None can ſpeak upon that ſubject, but thoſe who have felt it.

FRENZY and LOVE are not to be feigned.

Learned BURTON has given us numberleſs caſes—to laugh at (DEMOCRITUS-like—)

Believe me, that's not a book for madmen—tho' almoſt every one will be ſure

ſure to find his own caſe—yet, notwithſtanding, will he be often tempted to ſmile diſdainfully at others—

A certain ſign the book affords no cure—for how ſhould he be able to ſmile at others weakneſſes, was he but conſcious of his own?

Folly was their food—no wonder—it cannot choose but to be a wiſe man's food.

Yet ſome have wept!—to ſee our Godlike nature ſo abuſed, depraved, ſophiſticated!

Who ſhall beſt adminiſter to the cure?

'Ourſelves—as long as we continue to be ourſelves.'

Who more?

'Nay, but firſt I muſt beg the favour of you to ſtate your caſe—for many of us, I fear, are paſt the reach and power of Medicine.'

What, are we to be plunged, hopeleſs, into this pit of FOLLY?—immerſed in the dead lake of DESPONDENCY!—ever dying, never to die!—

Is

Is not this to have, while living, a taſte of ENDLESS TORMENT?—and are there no remedies to be had?

'None!—if modeſt MONRO ſhould chance to fail you.'

MERIT.

MERIT!—what's that?—ſome ideal changeling, I ſuppoſe—another imaginary exiſtence, like WISDOM—much talked of, little underſtood.

Where is it to be found in theſe degenerate days?—in our time of general diſcord and venality—of noiſe and ſcramble—where are we to look for it?

Among the great?—they of all ranks ſeem to be leaſt acquainted with it—hold it cheapeſt, contemn it moſt, reward it leaſt.

Their meaſures muſt be furthered, right or wrong—their intereſt ſtrength-

ened, at all events—their paſſions gratified, their follies ſoothed above every other conſideration.

Hence flatterers, ſharpers, jockies, mummers, knaves—are their ſauces, companions, clever fellows, wits, and boſom friends.

He has intereſt, my lord, and family connexion, who will leave no ſtone unturned—your lordſhip comprehends—

'Perfectly well!—we muſt be beforehand with ſuch, and prevent their ſolicitation—Nothing beſpeaks a great man, like doing things with a grace!'

Your Lordſhip deſired me to remind you of Mr. PAM—

'An excellent card!—But the rogue will ſhuffle and play falſe ſometimes!—I have a vacant borough in my eye for him—'

Did your Lordſhip read Lady Loo's letter?—

'Pox on her!—I muſt get her a penſion or a huſband to get rid of her!'

Captain TURF ſtands next.—

'Set him down for a troop of dragoons!—That's an enterprizing fellow, and

and an admirable fencer—he may be uſeful'—

Mr. TIPTOE your Lordſhip mentioned—

'Dances to admiration!—a company of foot won't ſpoil his dancing—and may help him to a partner'—

Poor MATT. MAKEFACE, my Lord, begins to fear your Lordſhip has forgot him!—but he ſpoke it with ſo much modeſty, and ſuch an infinite deal of wit and pleaſantry!—

'That's a comical cur!—What an inexhauſtible fund of humour!—The keeneſt ſatiriſt—the moſt exquiſite mimick

mimick in the univerſe, by Heaven!——If mock-patriotiſm don't demoliſh me, I ſtand a fair chance yet to die laughing, by ſome quaint recipe or other for the ſpleen, to be adminiſtered by my facetious Doctor MATTHEW, as I call him!—No, when I forget MATT, may my right hand forget her cunning! as ſomebody ſaid.'

The laſt words your Lordſhip did me the honour to pronounce yeſterday, were—'What ſhall we do with that blockhead, in whoſe veins a ſtrange mixture of vicious and high-born blood, ſlowly circulates?'—And then, without waiting for my anſwer, your Lordſhip did me the honour—to run out of the room—

'O—make

'O—make him a Bishop—and put Learning out of countenance at once!—Confine the grovelings, say I, to their Schools and Colleges!—What business have such pedants among us?—men of no blood, nor interest, save what we confer upon them.'

CHARLES COCKSPUR, my Lord, made a most brilliant figure at last NEWMARKET-Meeting!—the envy of all the turf!—rode himself!—and started the finest horse upon the course!—

'Did CHARLES?—then he shall be knighted, and start upon an embassy!—prick him down for —

'Sir

'Sir SIMON SNUG ſeems to have enjoyed the ſerene air and jovial income long enough—beſides, his friends are all dropt, or fallen to t'other ſide—he may be recalled now with ſafety—Order CHARLES a ſervice of plate directly—'

But—I beg pardon, my Lord!—is your Lordſhip acquainted with his qualifications?—

'Have not you told me them already?—the man who can ride at ſuch a rate, can ſurely run on errands—'

Perhaps, my Lord, he won't go—

'Then he may ſtay, and ſomebody elſe ſhall——But, I warrant you, he pockets

pockets the plate!—which alone will ſufficiently denote our favour.'

By the depreſſion of real worth and ſervice, ſo frequently obſervable, we are led to lament that merited promotion ſhould be a matter of ſo much difficulty —abſolutely unattainable, having neither money nor (money's-worth) intereſt!—For it cannot be, wiſe as we may rate ourſelves, that we are as rich in men of abilities, as in lucrative employments—that would be a wiſe nation indeed!—

Again, by the advancement of folly and ignorance, we muſt every now and then conclude, there is a dearth of com-

mon ſenſe among us, ſo that preferment ſeems to go a begging.

MERIT, ſay you!—that's a ſolitary virtue—Merit may afford ſome rational pleaſure to a man's ſelf—but what ſhare has it in his advancement in life?

We muſt ſwim with the ſtream, ſail with the tide, follow opinion, be the fools of faſhion, or the tools of party—and no longer of our own, but of the world's mind, to obtain the good things of this world.

End of VOL. I.

JOINERIANA:

OR

THE BOOK OF SCRAPS.

HOMO SUM: *humani nihil a me alienum puto.*
Terent. Heaut. A. 1. S. 1. L. 25.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for JOSEPH JOHNSON, No. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD. 1772.

JOINERIANA.

News and Newswriters.

NEwſpapers, at this period, in this free country, may be conſidered in a threefold light—as vehicles of foreign and domeſtic intelligence, as an object of trade and manufacture, and as the means of raiſing vaſt ſums to government, by one of the moſt enormous taxes, without being grievous, that ever was laid upon a people.

Scarcely any are diſſatisfied—nor can be ſaid to groan under the grievance of this weighty impoſt—ſo that, at firſt ſight, it appears to be none:—on the contrary, the public receiving thereby a particular gratification, conſonant to modern ideas of liberty; are ſo far from murmuring, that every one pays it with the utmoſt pleaſure.

'Tis the price of the thing—and not at all extravagant, when we come to conſider the quantity as well as the quality.

Thoſe, who agreeable to the practice of their profeſſion, are obliged to procure the earlieſt intelligence for their gueſts and cuſtomers, profit by the expence they are at—

Town

Town and country are daily furniſhed with an amazing variety of new and extraordinary matter!—

Students of every claſs, may now burn their books, like ſo much uſeleſs lumber; and circumſcribe their ſtudies hereafter to the Newſpaper-productions of the preſs:—They will therein find employment and inſtruction ſufficient, for all the purpoſes of ſocial and civil life.

The common people, of late years, are become ſo wonderfully learned among us, by the vaſt increaſe of Diurnals and Nocturnals—Gazettes and Gazetteers—Papers and Packets—Journals and Ledgers—Mercuries and Flying-poſts—Courants and Chronicles—that you will

hardly find the meaneſt peaſant, or the ſootieſt chimney-ſweeper ſo unlettered, as not to be able to ſpell a Newſpaper.

Points of all ſorts, many of which were formerly accounted difficult and crabbed; are now diſcuſſed by all ſorts of people, with the utmoſt eaſe and perſpicuity—whoſe attention is taken up, not only with government, continental, colony, company, county and corporation affairs—but they have alſo their neighbours buſineſs to mind, as well as their own:—private domeſtic occurrences, and particular tranſactions of individuals, being thought ſubjects of general curioſity and inquiry, no leſs than public and miniſterial meaſures.

A great

A great number of hands, who would otherwiſe be idle—and many of them uſeleſs to ſociety, or, if poſſible, more wickedly occupied—are now fully employed; and may truly be ſaid to have their hands full—

Rag-merchants, paper-makers, ſtationers, ſtampers, paragraph-mongers, printers, hawkers, &c. &c.

Authors innumerable are fed by thoſe channels of light amuſement, and profound ſpeculation—

Adepts in all ſciences!—Divines in maſquerade!—*Anonymi Anonymorum*, an endleſs train!

Tippling philoſophers, who diſcover from time to time—where the beſt brewage is to be had—

Who appear to be better acquainted with wine-caves and beer-cellars, than with the ſtarry concave and blue expanſe—more intereſted in the contents of butts and brandy-bottles, than with what is going forward in the planets—more elated with the gingling of glaſſes than the muſic of the ſpheres:—they are tolerable gaugers, but indifferent aſtronomers—and predict the fall of kingdoms and ſtates, not aſtrologically—but by the revolutions of the tankard.

Pot-valiant Freethinkers, who arraign all order—and labour to make the ſober part

part of mankind as enlightened, in the important points of LIBERTY and NECESSITY, as they themſelves are—when in their cups.

Politicaſters, poetaſters—Declaimers, profaners—Extracters, detracters—Jeerers, ſneerers—Nibblers, quibblers—Libellers, lampooners, &c.

Certainly Newſpapers by this time, ought to be reckoned among the ſtaple commodities of this country!

What an advantage to the community!—What a benefit to the ſtate!—(which, tho' laſt named, we begin to ſuſpect is the primary object with our great men)—procured

cured at ſo eaſy a charge—as that of diſtracting the heads of the whole nation!

A trifling objection, it ſhould ſeem, when ballanced in the conſideration-ſcale of WAYS and MEANS—for the people are happy and in high ſpirits!—ſo are madmen, commonly, for a ſeaſon.

But before we conſider further the preſent ſtate of Newſpapers, it will not be amiſs to have a retroſpect to what they were formerly—even within the memory of many ſtill living—at a time when GREAT-BRITAIN was upon full as reſpectable a footing as now—and ſhone no leſs in arms, in manufactures and trade than in our day.

If

If we look back ſome fifty or threeſcore years, we ſhall find the Newſwriter, or ſober Journaliſt, a *meer abſtract and brief chronicle of the time*—a tranſlator of foreign gazettes, and a recorder of ſuch domeſtic occurrences as were fit to be divulged, or immaterial either to be communicated, or to be concealed.

We commonly diſcover him to have been a curious impertinent, watching the heels of the great—more intent upon their motions, than their meaſures—and giving the earlieſt notice when his Lordſhip ſtole out of town, and when he returned—and when her Ladyſhip was happily delivered, *to the great joy of that noble family.*

When

When the accomplished Mr. A. was bleſſed in the poſſeſſion of the beautiful Miſs B. *a young lady endowed with every charm and every grace of mind and feature, which could render the marriage ſtate completely happy!*—What more could be deſired, where nature had beſtowed ſo laviſhly?—You ſhall hear—*and a fortune of* TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!—A vaſt ſum formerly!—and would be accounted ſo ſtill—were it not that people have forgot to limit the deſire of wealth within any bounds.

He was alſo the faithful regiſter of promotions, common and unavoidable caſualties, deaths and ſucceſſions.

Beſides theſe, he enriched his packet with ſtorms and tempeſts and blazing

ſtars,

ſtars, as they chanced to fall out—and, for the marvellous, a few of Mr. PARTRIDGE's predictions—ſome ſtrange ſights ſeen in the air!—a ſtory of ſuppoſed witchcraft, without head or tail!—a relation of a haunted houſe, which the ſtouteſt man in the neighbourhood had not courage enough to approach within a hundred yards!—ſomewhat about the monſtrous fruit of a LINCOLNSHIRE ewe, or a LANCASHIRE grimalkin!—and ſtill more ſurprizing account of a poor SURREY woman *(a)*, who having no means to bring up human creatures, was wonderfully delivered of full-grown rabbits, who were able to ſhift for themſelves as ſoon as they came into the world!

(a) MARY TOFTS of GODALMIN.

With

With ſuch witleſs and guileleſs matter, under the notion of News, did our ſober progenitors doze over their coffee, and ſmoke away an idle hour—but ſtill intent upon the main chance!

Every man had his proper buſineſs to mind, and he purſued it—his neighbour's, was no concern of his, unleſs they happened to have dealings together—in which caſe, if affairs went wrong, it reſted between the parties concerned to ſettle and adjuſt them.

They never dreamt of degrading Majeſty, whom they knew it was their bounden duty, as Subjects and as Chriſtians, to honour and obey:—and him, for whoſe proſperity they daily prayed, they

they could not vilify in the ſame breath, without mocking heaven, and incurring the complicated guilt of treaſon and hypocriſy.

They had learned, in their early years, to ſubmit themſelves to their Governors —and they ſaw the force and reaſonableneſs of that precept, more and more, as they became men—for without ſubmiſſion, there can be no government.

'The Judge, ſaid they, is not to be inſulted upon the bench!—the Magiſtrate menaced in his chair!—the Divine pelted in his pulpit!—O fie! fie! fie!—

'But ſuch abuſes, heaven be praiſed! can never happen in any civilized coun-

try—Dr. PARTRIDGE himſelf could not foreſee ſo ſore an evil, hanging over the head of any nation!—even ſavages would bluſh at his prediction!

'Tis the inexpreſſible bleſſing of rational and conſtitutional Liberty, in which we rejoice!—but we contend not for anarchy—we are no advocates for national licentiouſneſs—no abettors of open-mouthed ſedition!—That indeed would be to hazard the total overthrow of our darling principle, which we prize above every earthly conſideration, and which, we foreſee, can only be preſerved by unanimity, good order, and wiſe and virtuous adminiſtration.'

As

As a people, bleſt in the free choice of their repreſentatives—a privilege ſo abſolute, that no regal power nor miniſterial influence, without their concurrence, can leſſen—they conſidered it for their honour and intereſt to abide by them—to maintain their dignity, ſupport their privilege, aſſiſt their inquiries, and further their meaſures.

'If theſe men, ſaid they, cannot ſerve us, who ſhall?—Are they not (as indeed they ought to be)—are they not our friends?—not only perſonally to all, but particularly and intimately known to many of us?—our brother burgeſſes, our fellow-citizens, our neighbour knights?—Can ſuch men, whoſe deſerts we knew beforehand, ever fail us?—Beſides, are

they not of our own free election?—chosen with such precaution too?—is it possible they should have any interest at heart but ours?—and further, are we not bound to one another by oath?

'What reasonable ground of complaint can that people have, which may not, and shall not be redressed; who have a representative body of themselves, deliberately chosen out of themselves, and by themselves, in support of the common cause?

'After all, should any of these men deceive us, 'tis fit we should take the shame to ourselves:—Many may mislead one—but it happens not every day, that one can mislead a multitude forewarned

—we ſhall, poſſibly, profit in the end by this diſappointment, and be enabled to make a happier choice in future.

'But we will raiſe no outcry againſt them, for example ſake!—leſt we bring a ſcandal upon legiſlation, and incite the ignorant to revile their rulers; while foreigners admire at our unreaſonable railing and inconſtancy.'

Such and ſuch like was, probably, the old-faſhioned mode of reaſoning upon moral and political premiſes; before ſcandal, and ſtocks, and ſcheming, and ſwearing, and lying, and quackery, and profaneneſs, and prodigality, and paper-credit, and bulls, and bears, and bankruptcies were ſo rife among us.

Newſpapers, as they have been carried on of late years, are a ſtanding reproach to this nation—by publiſhing to all the world, that a certain frantic freedom ſubſiſts among us, which every rational member of ſociety muſt bluſh to avow — and totally diſallow, as inconſiſtent with the ſpirit of manly liberty.

They are indeed a NATIONAL REPROACH—for they bring a charge againſt us of no leſs a nature than NATIONAL DEPRAVITY!—Ay, and eſtabliſh it too!

Every ſpecies of guilt, every mode of extravagance, every method of gambling, and every poſſible way of ſubverting order, and ſetting the laws at defiance, are

are daily intimated, comforted, and propagated by our Newſwriters.

The virtue of that people is much to be ſuſpected; who are continually gaping after ſlander, misfortune, invented lies.

Newſwriters by profeſſion are the rudeſt brawlers for Liberty—a ſubject which they ſeem to have conſidered leaſt of any.

By their writings, we may venture to conclude they are as ignorant of the firſt principles of manly liberty, as of moral rectitude.

They ſeem better verſed in the rules and orders of Bucaniers and Banditti, than in the law of Nature and Nations — FALSTAFF's queſtion will ſuit them to a hair—*Shall there be gallows ſtanding in* ENGLAND, *when thou art* King? *and reſolution thus fub'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father Antick the* LAW? *Do not thou, when thou art* King, *hang a thief* (a).—Tho' I think pillories and whipping poſts were a ſufficient cure for the diſtemper, if taken in time.

(a) See SHAKESPEARE's K. Hen. 4. part 1. ſc. 2. STEEVENS's Edit. — I preſer the verb *fub* to *ſnub*, as we find it in ſome Editions—FALSTAFF in this place is an advocate for thieves and diſſolute men, and therefore may be allowed to make choice of a low, or cant word.

'Tis

'Tis very rare that any material good to a ſtate has followed upon Newſpaper clamour and invective.

Some evils in this kingdom may ariſe from the nature of its conſtitution; but more from the unſteadineſs of the people —ſome from the verboſity of the laws; but far more from the remiſs and corrupt execution of them: —But moſt of all, from the licentiouſneſs of our Newſpapers.

Licentious Freedom is incompatible with the nature of Civil Society.

We ſhould endeavour to diſtinguiſh between what is called, *the ſenſe of the people*, and what may be only *the ſenſe*

of a party—and is poſſibly no more than *the nonſenſe of a* NEWSWRITER.

We ſhould alſo ſeparate as well as we can, uſeful intelligence, from political ſquabble—ſober accuſation, from perſonal calumny—ſerious truths, from ſolemn lies.

The law of nature, the law of God, and the law of civil ſociety, are perfectly conſiſtent in this golden precept—*To do as we would be done unto.*

It becomes lovers of liberty to be no leſs jealous of the freedom of every individual, than of the general freedom—My fellow's caſe to-day, may be mine to-morrow.

No

No man ſhould be condemned 'ere he has been brought before his proper judges.—To prejudice the wretched and unfortunate by Newſpaper paragraphs, invective eſſays, wanton advertiſements, ludicrous impromptues, biting jeſts, quibling epigrams—is not only manifeſtly illegal, but inhuman!

It matters not how innocent the character may prove—the mortal ſtabs which his reputation has ſuffered from thoſe dark aſſaſſins, frequently baffle the ſkill of ſurgery:—Some, indeed have recovered—but many have never more been able to lift their heads!

There are various complexions of the human mind, of which witleſs gazetteers

ſeem

ſeem incapacitated to judge:—An idle paragraph may affect a delicate ſpirit, far more ſenſibly, than the legal and wholſome diſcipline of the cart'ſtail, or exaltation to the pillory may work upon a callous Newſwriter.

Private calamity was formerly (as now) the ſore grief of relations and friends—private calamity is now become a public jeſt—and frequently adds conſiderably to the ſorrow of ſuch, whoſe ſufferings need no addition!

The foul breath of CALUMNY was heretofore only reſpired in whiſpers, and generally confined to a corner:— it ſeldom made any progreſs, but commonly died away of itſelf, like the unmeaning

tell-tale

tell-tale voice of ECHO:—But now ſhe mounts aloft, and is born on thouſands of paper kites, to every point of the compaſs—even to the extremeſt ends of the world!

Errors in conduct—(*Humanum eſt errare!*)—were condemned formerly, as now—but the delinquent was not left hopeleſs:—his future virtues might repair his paſt indiſcretions, and the man become more confirmed in goodneſs, from the recollection of his paſt folly.—At preſent, the error, of what nature ſoever, magnified and tortured by miſrepreſentation, is irreparable!—He is held up in ſcorn and deriſion—'Thoſe that go by ſhake their heads, and make mouths at him'—He is thrown into a ſtate of liſtleſs

indif-

indifference, or, perhaps, driven to deſperation!

The law condemns the culprit to the pillory—(the puniſhment of ſhame!—the ſevereſt that can be inflicted on the human mind!)—The virulent Newſwriter, with his malignant pen, ſlap-daſh! changes the ſentence into lapidation!

The publication of the diurnal proceedings, and enormous weekly-bills of commitments from JUSTICE-SHOPS and ROTATION-OFFICES, may be very entertaining to a certain unreflecting claſs of readers — more eſpecially as many of them are told in a jocular way—on purpoſe to excite laughter:—yet, ſurely nothing can be more pernicious, more fatal in

in its conſequences—ſerving no better purpoſe than that of keeping manifold vice in countenance—eſtabliſhing the profligate, ſtaggering the weak, and filling their heads with the different modes of perpetrating crimes, and evading detection—and every now and then ſtarting ſome new ſpecies of guilt, which it were an abſolute ſin to blazon, ſave in a court of juſtice!

Foreigners, upon the faith of our Newſpapers, which are circulated all over EUROPE, and reading ſuch horrible accounts of our commitments by ſcores, conclude it impoſſible for a man to travel five miles upon the high road of ENGLAND, without being robbed—or to walk a ſtreet's length in our capital, after dark,

dark, without manifeſt hazard of being knocked on the head—that our ſharpers are the moſt dextrous villains in the world; and ſo thorough-bred, that they will look you full in the face, and, at the ſame time, pick your pocket—and, in ſhort, that one half of the nation is ſupported, by robbing the other half!

Crimes are, unqueſtionably, multiplied by the circulation of Newſpapers—Forgeries are become common—threatning letters increaſe—inconſiderate youth are impaſſioned with the love of dueling, ſuicides are committed to memory—with numberleſs other evils!—How ſhould it be otherwiſe, when the people have them conſtantly before their eyes?

A paper

A paper without murders and robberies, and rapes, and inceſt, and beſtiality, and ſodomy, and ſacrilege, and incendiary letters, and forgeries, and executions, and duels, and ſuicides, is ſaid to be void of News:—For ſuch are the melancholy themes that a corrupted and forſaken people are gaping after.—Without ſuch inſpiriting articles of intelligence, a Newſpaper, to many readers, is as inſipid as a tragedy, without daggers and poiſon-chalices—and ghoſts and graves—and funeral proceſſions and ſolemn dirges.—They attend not to the old proverb—*No News, is good News.*

If paragraphs, of ſo much importance to the ſale of a Newſpaper, fall

ſhort

ſhort—'tis the buſineſs of the Newſwriter, for the credit of his paper, to invent.—

To kill men in the dark, is evidently a part of his trade — to murder one day, and bring them to life again the next—to ſet fire to people's houſes, and extinguiſh them without any damage–to commit divers burglaries with impunity—to gag and bind ſome of his Majeſty's ſubjects over night, and ſet them at liberty the next morning—to conſtrue the miſerable effect of a delirium and the negligence of a nurſe, into an act of premeditated ſuicide—to bury ſome, while in perfect health; and marry others, without bans or licence.

It

It were an endleſs taſk to enumerate all the ſelf-evident miſchiefs, and contagious abominations compriſed in modern Newſpapers!—Every ſenſible and unprejudiced man (for to ſuch only I addreſs myſelf) who has the fear of God before his eyes, and the true intereſt and cordial love of his country at heart, will, I am confident, agree in this particular—That of all the countleſs publications, under the pretence of News, ſeldom one appears (the Gazette, given out by authority, and the Daily Advertiser excepted) which merits not to be burnt by the hands of the Common Hangman.

They are no longer what they were originally intended to be—Chronicles of events, not improper to be communi-

cated; and regiſters of lawful buſineſs —But they are FIREBRANDS, which it behoves every honeſt man to quench—they are FIREDRAKES, which every good ſubject ſhould endeavour to deſtroy!

They are the avowed diſturbers of national repoſe, and no leſs of private, domeſtic peace—the fomenters of reſtleſs riot, and boundleſs extravagance—the general waſters of time—the interrupters of every man's buſineſs—the diſtracters of a ſenſible and ſpirited people!—

The confounders of all rule and order —ſo that men of acknowledged integrity and ability, in the ſenate, in the council, on the bench, and in the firſt departments, are totally at a loſs how to act, ſo as to avoid cenſure!

The

The moſt virtuous characters, by them, are ſtigmatized and pointed out to public ridicule and deteſtation—the moſt factious and worthleſs juſtified and abetted—the wiſeſt meaſures overſet—the weakeſt adopted and extolled to the ſkies!

The deity of to-day with them, may be a devil to-morrow—and, indeed, nothing is more common.

As they profeſs to be *Open to all parties, but influenced by none*—(What an inſolent profeſſion! — Who conſtituted them judges and umpires?)—ſo you ſhall frequently find the ſame character, traduced in one anonymous letter, and exonerated in the following — moſt heartily abuſed in one paragraph, and

complimented in the ſubſequent:—The reader is at liberty to decide upon the different portraits of the ſame perſon, as he chooſes; or to ſuppoſe either a little overſtrained and over-coloured, if he thinks proper—

As to the gentleman ſo treated (to reaſon after the manner of a modern Newſwriter)—'How is it poſſible he ſhould take any thing amiſs?—for tho' I handled him rather roughly in the beginning, and called him ſcoundrel and pickpocket—yet all the world will ſee, and he himſelf muſt acknowledge—that I allowed him to be a very honeſt fellow, before I had done with him.'

The ſame openneſs, freedom, and impartiality which they profeſs, render them the-

the lords paramount in all cauſes eccleſiaſtical and civil—through them we beg leave to appeal to the public, againſt our governors, repreſentatives, judges, directors.

In all diſcontents, diviſions and party-diſputes, we acknowledge no other tribunal—but the public.—And pray what is the public to do for you?

The public, in general, cannot be judges—'tis impoſſible they ſhould!—None but madmen, and malecontents, and wrong-headed Newſwriters ever conſidered them as ſuch.

Every man nowadays has a caſe—and nothing will ſerve his turn, but he muſt and will ſubmit it to the public!—Thou

ſimpleton!—the public will only laugh at thee.

Every private altercation and tranſgreſſion becomes matter of public converſation—

A wanton wight is caught tripping with his maid—and may, poſſibly, have intereſt enough to buy off his own pariſh-ſheet — but is, nevertheleſs, enjoined by the Newſwriter, to do penance in every pariſh in the three kingdoms.

People offend in private — and beg pardon in public.

Some

Some get drunk together, quarrel in their cups, are incited to duelling, and give and accept challenges, through the channels of Newſpapers.

They fight it out in the field—and make it up in the papers.

The madneſs is epidemical, and ſo inconceivably diverſified as to haraſs all deſcription.

I have already pointed out many improper ſubjects of Newſpapers—and the following appears to me no leſs deſerving of cenſure.

Every man who wiſhes well to his country, of courſe, wiſhes the ſucceſs

of the chartered and private trade thereof, as conducing to the general welfare: —But as every man's buſineſs is ſaid to be nobody's, ſurely, with equal truth we may aſſert, the public can have nothing to do with the affairs of private counting-houſes, nor even of companies —but ſuch and ſuch only as are immediately concerned and intereſted therein.

As private buſineſs is tranſacted by the merchant and his clerks; ſo company-affairs, being a far more extenſive concern, is commonly ſubmitted to the direction of a choſen few, who are preſumed to be capable of managing the ſame with prudence, fidelity, ſecrecy.— All lawful queſtions then relating to the merchant or the company, are to be re-

ſolved,

ſolved, by enquiring at their reſpective offices.

But in what country was it ever known before (for other countries have their companies, as well as we) that the concerns of a few intereſted in the ſucceſs of a particular trade, ſhould be daily publiſhed, and made the object of general attention and ſpeculation?

What other purpoſe is it to anſwer—but to ſhew how ready ſome men are to expoſe themſelves?—that no commercial buſineſs nowadays, can be tranſacted by fair and candid debate?—that the moſt important points are carried by wrangling, and a majority of noiſy voices (many of which voices have been procured by the loweſt ſubterfuges, and moſt

and moſt diſhoneſt means?)—that the men they intruſt, are not fit to be truſted?—that every man has a view of his own, independent of the proſperity of the Company?—and that the Company might ſink into the bottomleſs perdition of its own iniquity!—were it not that each has ſome favourite ſcheme to further—friends to advance—jobs to promote—ſtock to raiſe or fall?

Are not ſuch debates, intended to be publiſhed for ſiniſter ends, within the ſpirit of offence, tho', perhaps, not againſt the letter of the laws which condemn STOCKJOBBING?—and is it not high time for every worthy and ingenuous proprietor to bethink himſelf of withdrawing from ſuch a brawling, ſhameleſs,

ſhameleſs ſociety!—(no longer a company of merchants, but a junto of jobbers!)—who are growing every day, more and more, a diſgrace to the character of merchant—and leave them to fall unpitied, into the pit which they have been ſo long digging?

In an inquiry of ſo much importance as that of Newſpapers—upon which hangs no leſs than the well-being, the good government, and incorrupt freedom of the ſtate—it is not fit the ſubject of advertiſements ſhould paſs unnoticed:—Every one ſees the evident utility of ſome—and every one muſt alſo ſee the ſhocking abuſe, miſchievous tendency and enormity of others.

Benefices

Benefices and Prefentations, to the fcandal of our Holy Church, are publickly advertifed, bought and fold, like common chattels:—and Chaplainfhips are as merchantable as bunting *(a)* and flag-ftaves!

Benefices are alfo exchanged by public advertifement—with a proportionable confideration on which ever fide happens to weigh lighteft!—A whole parifh of HUMAN SOULS is advertifed to be tranferred by their fickle paftor!—after the fame manner that a frolickfome farmer fwops his flock of fheep, againft his neighbour's!

(a) A coarfe worfted ftuff, of which fhips-colours are commonly made.

I have

I have an advertiſement before me of a man who writes himſelf *Reverend*—but who has certainly undertaken the moſt *irreverent* employment that ever entered the head or heart of a Chriſtian Miniſter—

It is addreſſed to the Clergy—whom he acquaints, without any ceremony, or having the fear of God, or the Biſhop before his eyes, that—*he continues to exchange* Livings, &c. *to buy and ſell* Chaplainships, &c.—I don't rightly comprehend what is meant by the two *et cætera's*—but I take it for granted, any man ſo void of miniſterial principle, would buy, or ſell, or exchange any thing elſe, for the ſake of turning the penny.

He

He appears to have opened an office for that purpoſe, to which the public is invited—juſt as they are to thoſe of Meſſieurs HAZARD, GOODLUCK and GOLIGHTLY for the purchaſe of ſhares and chances of lottery tickets.

Theſe things are not done in a corner—but in the face of all the world!—with the ſame matchleſs impudence, that another Reverend Divine, who writes himſelf D. D. — (which may ſtand for DEVIL-DOCTOR, as well as any thing elſe) —ſteals printed SERMONS, has them engraved in a writing hand, publickly advertiſes and vends the ſame, to young and ignorant Deacons and Curates, to be by them palmed upon the deluded vulgar, for compoſitions of their own.

Theſe

Theſe are offences ſo glaring, and of ſuch a ſcandalous ſort, that thoſe who are not ſtruck with the heinouſneſs of them—(Biſhops or Benchers, Clergy or Laity)—muſt have their underſtanding totally obſcured!—The committers of ſuch flagitious ſins, in open violation of every thing ſacred and ſerious, merit not only reprehenſion, but, ſhould they perſevere, deprivation *(a)*.

Numerous candidates, void of grace as of underſtanding, are continually offering themſelves for LECTURESHIPS—and dividing a pariſh into half a dozen or half a ſcore different parties, in ſupport of a miniſter, unknown to every Canoniſt,—and who has no right of

(a) See the 26th Article of Religion, the latter clauſe.

mainte-

maintenance by any Canon :—Many of which candidates, it is notorious, have their proper flocks to attend—who, wanting their ſhepherd's eye, may be ſtolen, or ſlain, or ſtraying the Lord knows where !

Inſtead of Sunday-afternoon Lectures, it is well known to be the duty of every pariſh-prieſt, according to the conſtitution of the CHURCH of ENGLAND, to devote a portion of time, immediately after the Service, to Catechetical Inſtruction—a duty of the higheſt importance ! — from the total neglect of which, I may venture to affirm, is owing the general depravity of the preſent age.

There are other days for Lectures—which well-diſpoſed people would ſoon

ſall

fall into the habit of attending and encouraging; even from the moment they diſcovered the preachers were in earneſt.

In the mean time, inſtead of SUNDAY-LECTURERS, let us have SUNDAY-CATECHISTS—Aboliſh the one, revive and eſtabliſh the other!—for it is a ſhame to think, the riſing generation, amidſt ſo many able inſtructors, ſhould be loſt for want of neceſſary inſtruction!

Conſecrated Chapels are no deſpicable freeholds, and copyholds and leaſeholds now-a-days:—We find them advertiſed in common with houſes, and wharfs, and granaries and beer-cellars.

Something like the following, let me tell you, would make a number of young parſons prick up their ears—

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the ſervice of GOD, and the honour of CHRIST's church:
To be let for one year certain, or leaſed for a longer term,
SIMONY-CHAPEL;
Well-ſituate, ſtanding and being
Upon a riſing ground,
In a genteel, ſubſtantial and generous neighbourhood:

There is, on the outſide, a good CLOCK, by the noted PIKE,
And an elegant TURRET,
Capp'd after the pleaſing manner of a CHINESE TEMPLE;
On the central top whereof is a Weathercock,
Which to thoſe who have courage and curioſity to beſtride;
Affords the moſt delicious proſpect in the world!

The SURREY-hills, to the delighted eye,
Appear like playful lambkins!—like ſporting kids
The *Middleſexian* OSSA and OLYMPUS,
HAMPSTEAD and HIGHGATE hight!*—while ISLINGTON

* Pſ. 114. ver. 4.

Salu-

Salubrious ſhines ſerene—ſweetly contraſted
With BAGNIGGE-BOTTOM and dread HOCKLEY-i'th'-HOLE!

There is alſo a well-toned Bell—not ear-piercing ſharp, nor melancholy deep—by the famous *Glouceſterſhire* bell-founder.

The Time-piece within the chapel, is by the celebrated GRIGNION, wonderful horometer and horologiſt!—and ſo juſt are its movements, that, it is obſervable, the women of faſhion eſteem it a perfect regulator; and commonly ſet their repeaters by it—during the pſalm-ſinging part of the ſervice.

The Pulpit and Reading-deſk, which are richly carved with groteſque heads and ornaments, coſt ſeventy-two pounds—and the ſounding-board is ſo admirably conſtructed, that the gentleſt whiſper, may be conveyed to the dulleſt ear, in the remoteſt corner!

The TEN COMMANDS, the LORD'S PRAYER and the CREED are highly finiſhed, flouriſhed, and beautifully diverſified in all the known characters of EUROPE—and ſet in matchleſs *Papier-maché* frames, gleaming with burniſhed gold!

The coved-canopy-roof, or cieling is FRET in FRESCO—the walls ſtuccoed—the pavement, modern *Moſaic* of fineſt fancy—the whole inſuperably brilliant!

The pews, many of which are faced with azure blue and *Saxon* green, ſtudded with lacquered broad-headed ſpikes—at preſent, bring in only two hundred and fourſcore pounds a year—but may be eaſily improved to four hundred and forty or fifty, without crowding the company, and allowing ſufficient lolling-room.

There is no expence of clerk, or pew-openers—they being amply conſidered out of the Chriſtmas offerings, commonly called box-money—

No expence of organiſt—for, as yet, there is no organ—but there is one building—which, when put up, the organiſt, together with the voices and minſtrels to be provided, will be compenſated by VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTION.

There are only twenty-five coaches and chariots, and ſeventeen ſedans, who honour the chapel with their devotions at preſent—but it is computed the number will be trebled—as ſoon as the ORCHESTRA is opened.

The ſurplice-fees (which ſhould rather be ſtiled *ſublime conſiderations* and *ſtately donatives*)—are evidently upon the increaſe; from the amiable and benevolent diſpoſition of the better ſort—who chooſe to have the myſtical rite of MATRIMONY and the ſolemnity of BAPTISM, performed by the chaplain, in preference to their pariſh-rector.

The

The cryptic dormitory, in which will be depoſited only the remains of people of faſhion, promiſes, in a ſhort time, to bring in a genteel harvest of golden orbicular memorials, ſilk ſcarves, hatbands, &c.

The ſurplices, pulpit-cloths and cuſhions, BASKERVILLE's great bible, little thumbed and bound in blue Turkey, with broad ſilk regiſters and gold fringes—three folio common-prayers, in rich bindings—the communion-plate, *&c.* to be taken at a fair appraiſement.

Any young clergyman, of a pleaſing perſon, an engaging demeanour, a muſical voice, and a graceful delivery, may now have an opportunity of diſplaying ſuch envied and rarely-united talents, to the beſt advantage—nor need any other apply.

A genteel premium is expected.

For further particulars, inquire of A. B. at the MITRE, in PETTY FRANCE—or C. D. at the CROSS KEYS, in LITTLE BRITAIN—or E. F. at SIMON MAGUS's Head, in the OLD JEWRY.

Secreſy if required.

Civil employments of conſiderable truſt and profit, requiring virtue and knowledge to diſcharge (to the diſgrace of Government, and the eternal infamy of ſuch governors as profit themſelves thereby, or connive at it in others) are cried in public Newſpapers, and bought and ſold, and chopt and ſwopt—and even knocked down to the higheſt bidder.

Military men, however deſerving, if they expect promotion, muſt owe it to their money—not merit.

Men of intereſt advertiſe for moneyed-men—moneyed-men for men of intereſt.

I don't

I don't remember, as yet, to have ſeen any men of war, either floating, or upon the ſtocks, advertiſed for ſale—but Indiamen, both ways, are bought and ſold every day.

However, a rich man may buy a borough—(they have been frequently advertiſed)—ſooner than a poor man can buy a beef-ſteak—according to the preſent advanced price of markets.

The man who purchaſes his employment, or his ſeat—concludes he has a right to make the beſt—that is, the moſt of it.

In ſhort, we have among us, as is apparent from the daily prints, church-

brokers, ſtate-brokers, borough-brokers, army-brokers, navy-brokers, ſtock-brokers, cuſtom-houſe-brokers, India-brokers, Jew-brokers, — with ſuch an infinity of other brokers, as ſufficiently announces, this once Chriſtian and flouriſhing country to be—(if not ſuddenly prevented) — upon the eve of its bankruptcy.

Abuſes have been too frequent in all times—but they were never openly avowed in print till now—We have not only parted with our conſcience, but we appear to have loſt all decency.

Uſurious offices are declared to be opened—uſurious bargains are driven in Newſpaper advertiſements — any man may

may gamble from day to day at forty different offices for twenty thouſand pounds, or double it—ſcarcely having five pounds in his pocket; to procure which, he may have pawned his own effects, or another's—or robbed his maſter—or committed an act of forgery!

Many office-keepers undertake to lend thouſands, and tens of thouſands—ay, and hundreds of thouſands, upon iniquitous chances and preſumptions of lives, reverſions, &c.—who are themſelves known not to poſſeſs ten thouſand pence of property:—Such, by their connexions, are the common reſources of the profligate and extravagant—who, in their extremeſt neceſſity, are ſure to find friends

friends that will ſupply them at—two or three hundred *per Cent.* diſcount.

The ſpirit of gambling among us is now at ſuch a height, fomented by news and advertiſements, that we may venture to pronounce, there is full as much foul gambling as fair trade carried on in our emporium.

The ſpirit of gambling and thirſt for gold is become ſo inſatiable, as to abſorb every generous and manly paſſion—We are deaf to the cries and ſenſeleſs to the ſofteſt ſympathies of nature—in proof of which, *we pit* (as the witleſs phraſe is) our deareſt friends, and open policies upon the lives of our neareſt relations.

It

It ſhould ſeem as if one half of the nation were the avowed bawds and brokers, to the imaginary wants and inordinate deſires of the other half.

Churches and charity-ſermons—declared bawdy-houſes and notorious private receptacles, we commonly find advertiſed in the ſame papers, and often in the ſame page:—Surely we don't ſtand in need of Newſpapers to direct us to our pariſh-churches?—and houſes of improper entertainment (thanks to our juſtices!) are to be found in plenty—without public advertiſements.

Panders thereby publiſh their abilities—bawds make offer of their freſheſt goods—proſtitutes proclaim their apartments

ments—and infamous dealers offer to public ſale, ſuch wares, as they dare not cry in any other open market, nor even ſell in the open face of day.

Quacks ſeem to be the only adepts and men of genius among us—and quackery, another term for liberal art, profound ſcience and acknowledged ſufficiency:—Every one will hearken to the voice of him, who impudently aſſerts, and plauſibly pretends—and, however ill-qualified to diſcharge or demonſtrate what he may have undertaken, let him not be diſcouraged; but, with unbluſhing confidence, ſet his face to the matter, and there can be no doubt of the public favour and patronage:—The public, as well as their betters, are remark-

markably generous and well-diſpoſed—towards the moſt undeſerving.—Every day's advertiſements confirm this truth.

The many miſchiefs in private life, which we owe to public advertiſements, may be more eaſily imagined than aſſerted:—But imagination muſt not be wantonly indulged, in a work wherein the writer profeſſes to have no other object, but truth, and an earneſt deſire of being uſeful:—After hinting at ſome of the moſt ſtriking, the reader is left to judge for himſelf.

The young, the giddy and the inexperienced of both ſexes, are in hourly danger of being ſeduced and drawn aſide to incurable miſchiefs by Newſpaper invitations:

vitations :—Boys and girls are instructed how they may shake off the obedience due to their parents :—Wards are directed where they may find, A GENTLEMAN *of undeniable character*, who will enable them to get rid of their troublesome guardians :—Minors, of great expectation, may meet with generous, advertising friends, who commiserate their unhappy state, and join with them in chiding the dull HOURS, *that limp so heavily away!*—and, after some few preliminaries settled, will point out to them the best and most effectual means of—spending their fortunes before they come of age.

Apprentices are taught how they may, after the easiest manner—forfeit their indentures :

dentures:—And covenanted workmen, are moſt earneſtly invited and ſweetly tempted—to break their contracts.

A YOUNG LADY *of great* BEAUTY *and* MERIT (jaded out with tramping the ſtreets, ſick of a town-life, and ſore with midnight bruiſes!—and apprehending another BRIDEWELL-*lying-in*, may go harder with her than the laſt) *advertiſes for a* PARTNER *for* LIFE—

She is not without FRIENDS, FORTUNE, *nor* ADMIRERS—*but ſhe has not yet met with the* MAN, *for whom ſhe has hitherto preſerved her ſpotleſs* HEART—*and has made a* VOW *never to part with her* HAND *till ſhe does!—Her ſentiments of the* DELICATE PASSION, *correſpond with the* anti-

ent

ent Heraldry—' The HEARTS of old, *ſays our inimitable* SHAKESPEARE, *gave* HANDS.'—*Not that ſhe is affectedly nice reſpecting his perſon, years, or exterior qualities:—A young man, ſhe charitably preſumes, may be virtuous; a man of middle age, diſcreet; and if ſomewhat advanced in life, ſhe would hope to profit herſelf by his wiſdom and experience:—'Tis a* MIND *ſhe ſeeks, more than a* MAN; *and a chaſte* COMPANION *ſhe wants, more than a* HUSBAND.—Letters directed to, &c.

A fool at any age might be hooked by ſuch a bait.

An infamous ſharper—and a tradeſman upon the brink of deſtruction—(the one urging his inſuperable modeſty, as an

an apology for his mode of application—the other pleading the immenſity of his affairs, which will not afford him time to go through the uſual formalities of wooing)—make ſhift to draw in a couple of ſimple girls, to their utter ruin, and the diſquiet and diſgrace of their families!—'But ſuch calamities,' ſaid the ill-ſtarred brides, 'being deſtined to us by the over-ruling powers, were not be avoided!'—'My ſpark!' (meaning the ſharper) ſaid one of the young ladies, 'was foretold me in a dream, three nights before I read his advertiſement; which only brought it freſh to my memory!'—'And my gentleman,' ſaid the other, 'I married out of a frolic!—it ſeemed to me ſuch a handy way of getting

a huſband!—and, you know, I was always a mad, unaccountable girl!'

Some gentlemen publickly avow their preference of concubinage, to the matrimonial tie—and make ſuch propoſals, as are not likely to paſs unregarded:—Some ladies, voluntarily offer themſelves to go into keeping.

Frequent and various courtſhips are carried on by advertiſements—Love-aſſignations are too common to be inſiſted upon.

Unmarried ladies, who have been ſo unfortunate as to ſprain their ankles, or to acquire dropſical habits; may have them

them reduced with the greateſt eaſe and delicacy:—And married ladies, of leſs frigidity in the abſence of their ſpouſes, than dame PENELOPE of old—(after covering their ſhame with long ſtays, and long aprons, as long—as they poſſibly can be concealed)—may lie-in privately—and be treated with the utmoſt tenderneſs and conſideration—and their brats be provided for, ſomehow or ſomehow—ſo as never to give them any further concern.

I have often conceited the poſſibility of carrying on INFERNAL CORRESPONDENCE, and conſpiracies of the moſt treaſonable and damnable caſt, thro' the channels of Newſpapers, in anonymous advertiſements!—Another POWDER-PLOT!

— another FIRE of LONDON! — the ſeizing upon the TOWER, or the BANK of ENGLAND! — This preſumption is by no means ſtrained, if you will vouchſafe it a fair and candid conſideration.

A knot of villains might eaſily fix upon a PAROLE, to be ſo communicated: —or A. B. *requeſting the favour of* C. D. *to acquaint* E. F. *and the reſt of the parties concerned, that every thing was now amicably adjuſted, aud the parchments ready for execution*—(or any other rigmarole ſtuff)—might be inſerted to anſwer the moſt flagitious purpoſes.—

This is no juſtifiable manner of tranſacting lawful buſineſs:—No men in their right

right ſenſes ever dreamt of ſuch a method:—No governors poſſeſt of virtue, and endued with common capacity, ever permitted it:—But in a venal and diſjointed ſtate, what wickedneſs may not be winked at?—what abſurdities may not be tolerated?

And who are to be the judges and inſpectors of matters of ſo much moment?—Common Newſpaper-printers?—'Tis pretty plain they make no conſcience of any thing they print!—Blaſphemy, treaſon, ſedition, bawdry!—nothing comes amiſs to them—ſo that they can get money, pay their ſtamp-duties, and promote the ſale of their papers.

There are among us a ſet of cruel wit-lings, the diſgrace of human kind—for they are wanting in the common feelings of humanity:—a ſet of wanton wretches, unknown in every other age and country!—How ſhould it be otherwiſe?—for, indeed, no other age or country ever afforded them the ſame opportunities:—Such are the authors of paragraphs and advertiſements, calculated to amuſe, to miſlead, and to diſtract:—But chiefly intended for their own private diverſion, and the entertainment of their knots, and parties, and clubs.

A virtuous character who has ſlightly offended one of thoſe wicked wits, will be ſure to draw down upon himſelf the united vengeance

vengeance of a whole poſſe:—They will marry him to his maid, or his drynurſe; or father a baſtard upon him—they will break his neck in a fox-chaſe, or his circumſtances at a gaming-table—they will raiſe him, by diſreputable means, to affluence; or ſend him waddling out of the alley—they will feed him with a hearty ſupper over-night, and find him dead in his bed next morning—they will providentially ruſh in, time enough to hawl him out of his fiſhpond alive; or leave him, hanging in his garters, in his own hayloft.

They invent probable and ſtriking wants, and tempting ſervices, which thouſands are capable of and anxious to ſupply—merely to put people to the ex-

pence of advertiſements—or to procure letters—many of which may come hereafter to be printed—and, doubtleſs, will make very genteel miſcellanies, according to the preſent ſyſtem of printing and reading.

They endeavour to make common things, rare; and take in the credulous, by offering handſome premiums, for what is to be found every where:—The ſtory of the tabby cat, by this time, is ſomewhat ſtale.

They ſend ſome people of ſleeveleſs errands from LONDON to YORK—and bring others from YORK to LONDON.

A poor

A poor labouring man, in a far diſtant country, ſeeing, ſome two years ago, an advertiſement, offering a large ſum for a Queen ANNE's farthing, luckily bethought himſelf he was poſſeſſed of two! —(wretched caſts! as the underſtanding reader will readily ſuppoſe.)—But having no ſuſpicion that a farthing, could be any thing leſs than a farthing—and finding that, by the greateſt good fortune in the world!—two farthings were ſo much better than a halfpenny, as even to promiſe a little portion to a poor man! —Off ſets the ſimple peaſant, leaving his work and family behind, and begging his way onward to our witty capital! —But who can expreſs the ſorrow of the ſorely-fatigued and anxious-minded traveller; or be totally inſenſible to his diſappointment?

appointment?—who, after careful enquiry, but in vain, for the wanton advertiſer—was obliged to beg his way back again!

They muſt have ſorry hearts, indeed, who can enjoy ſuch jeſts!

Hitherto we have endeavoured to point out ſome of the moſt glaring enormities of Newſpapers—which we flatter ourſelves will appear ſo ſelf-evident to every rational and underſtanding reader, that, from the foregoing premiſes, we may ſafely conclude — Newſwriters, Newſmanagers and Newſprinters can only rank with the loweſt, and moſt worthleſs of all men who diſgrace the preſs!—for we can have no idea that any man of

honour

honour would make a profeſſion of living by conducting, or printing a Modern Newſpaper.

They muſt be void of principle—for they make a jeſt of every principle of virtue!—

They muſt be diſſolute—for they decry all order!—

Without humanity—for they delight in public calamity and private misfortune!—

The declared enemies of their country—for they ſpread ſedition, and ſcatter diſcontent in every quarter!—and endeavour, as much as in them lies, to

kindle the fire of inteſtine and foreign war!

A word or two concerning proprietors, or part-owners of Newſpapers (independent of printers and managers) may not be amiſs—as it is well known that almoſt every paper is the joint-intereſt and concern of a number of partners—ſome papers being lotted out into no leſs than twenty, thirty, forty different ſhares.

To ſuch gentlemen, I ſhall beg leave to obſerve—that as he only can be accounted a juſt man, who advances his fortune by juſt and honourable means; ſo alſo is he univerſally allowed to be an unjuſt man, who ſeeks to profit himſelf by unjuſtifiable meaſures.

In

In that predicament ſtands every proprietor, or part-owner of a licentious Newſpaper :—they make unworthy and unmanly gain, of miſchievous and opprobrious merchandize :—They ſtimulate the worſt of men to collect and invent ſuch paragraphs, eſſays and preſumptions, as they know to be improper food for the public—ſubverſive of good order and good government—and many of them falſe and ſcandalous :—They know alſo, that without ſuch wretched materials, their circulation muſt ceaſe. From whence it is natural to infer, that, with reſpect to ſuch connexions, they are men of no more virtue, than thoſe who would run ſhares with BROTHELS and GAMBLING-HOUSES—provided they could be carried on with impunity, and their

names

names remain a ſecret.—I therefore think it will become every gentleman of character among them, to withdraw his countenance and ſupport of ſuch deſpicable craft—and to deſpiſe every poſſible advantage which may ariſe from ſuch lawleſs, ſeditious and defamatory publications.

There are publiſhed per week, of London-News only, including morning and evening poſts, gazettes and weekly journals, ſixty-ſix or ſixty-ſeven diſtinct papers:—There are alſo about forty printed in different country towns of SOUTH BRITAIN:—The average of impreſſions per week, cannot fall ſhort of TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND!—a ſufficient number, we may reaſonably conclude,

to

to render a reſtleſs people, neither more nor leſs than downright ſtark-ſtaring Newſpaper-mad!

And what is this, I pray you, but keeping up a monſtrous army of irregulars?—compoſed of incendiaries, ſeditious perſons, pretended reformers, miſchievous politicaſters, mock-patriots, brawling detracters, inſinuating ſlanderers, profeſſed liars, reſtleſs idlers!—to fight againſt government and the laws?

Again, if we multiply the given number by twenty (which is very moderate for the hands and eyes by which each paper is to paſs) the multiple will be FOUR MILLIONS per week!—Out of ſo many readers, let any diſpaſſionate man judge

judge of the probable mischiefs that may arise—by poisoning the affection, perverting the will, and depraving the understanding of thousands of worthy and well-disposed subjects.

I have already excepted the GAZETTE (printed by authority, and therefore out of the question) and the DAILY ADVERTISER—

And here I think it but common justice due to Messrs. JENOUR, the printers, part-owners, and publishers of the DAILY ADVERTISER—(the best conducted and most useful paper in the three kingdoms)—to testify my approbation of their public conduct respecting articles of news, amidst the just censure I have thrown out against their brethren.

I de-

I declare I am no proprietor in their paper, nor particularly connected with any who are:—neither do I ſpeak from partiality to thoſe gentlemen, of whom I have but a very ſlight knowledge:—in proof of which, their candour will pardon me for adding, that in regard to idle and anonymous advertiſements, they themſelves cannot be too cautious.

I ſhall not take upon me to determine with exactneſs, the revenue which ariſes to government, by the iniquitous craft of Newſpapers with their advertiſements—I judge ſomewhat about TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS *per annum!*

But was every penny a pound, and every pound a hundred—the ſum would be by

far too inconſiderable—to be obtained at the price of the virtue and allegiance of the people—and the peace and good order of the ſtate!

At preſent, the knaves bid defiance to their rulers!—and daringly trumpet of what conſequence they are to the public revenue!—

'They exact a price, ſay they, and we pay it!—what would they have more?—We have no privilege but what we pay for!—They will hardly think of reſtraining us, while a much greater proportion goes into their coffers, than comes into our pockets!—And puniſh us, 'tis plain they cannot—or they dare not—or certainly they would have done

it

it long ago!—No, no, we know our maſters wants and their weakneſſes, as well as they know themſelves!—They cannot do without us—and hardly make ſhift as it is!—Our ſtamps, let me tell you, make a pretty ſum-total at the year's end—there's the myſtery, if you muſt know!—Beſides, do you imagine they will ever have the impudence to attack our darling freedom?—the privilege which we have purchaſed with ſo much ſweat and blood!—and maintained with ſo much unchaſtiſed noiſe and hubbub!—the MAGNA-CHARTA-LIBERTY of the PRESS!—'Sblood and thunder!—that would be to ſtrike at the very VITALS and HEART-FAT of LIBERTY!'

Insolent reasoners!—but enough of the cause—'tis now time to add a few words touching the cure, and the probable means to effect it.

Men who have no sense of their duty, should be brought to it by some means or other.

The method is short and obvious—*'tis as easy as lying!*—and happily for us, Administration has the indisputable power in their own hands!

They may raise a clamour against the measure—but what of that?—so let them:—So they would, most likely, against any other measure, proposed for the nation's honour and the kingdom's

ſafety:—they have raiſed groundleſs and unjuſtifiable clamours enow already—that would be only adding one more to the number.

The ſame power which enables Government to grant, it may be preſumed, enenables Government to withhold:—STAMPS are, unqueſtionably, the Newſprinters LICENCES—without which they dare not print and publiſh Newſpapers with advertiſements—

The ſame wild and prepoſterous matter, publiſhed after any other manner, would fall far ſhort of the miſchievous effects produced by the preſent mode.

The public may be wrought upon, in

ſome meaſure, by a wicked book, or a wretched pamphlet—but nothing captivates the vulgar, and the public in general, like a Newſpaper—

Few read books and pamphlets; but every body reads what paſſes under the denomination of News:—Books and Pamphlets coſt money, and ſome trouble to procure—Newſpapers may be had for nothing, or next kin to't—without any trouble at all.

I therefore humbly propoſe, that the firſt ſeditious, malicious and wanton offender, after previous notice given, be refuſed his Stamps at the Office:—Deny him his Stamps, and his buſineſs muſt ſtand ſtill:—Diſtract his buſineſs

but

but for a week, or even four-and-twenty hours, and you will bind him over, moſt effectually, to his good behaviour for ſeven years after.

This method, if once tried and reſolutely maintained, will, I perſuade myſelf, be found far more efficacious than proſecutions—or even corporal puniſhments.

Again—'tis fit thoſe men ſhould be kept in awe, and be put under ſome direction—for 'tis pretty evident they are not capable of directing themſelves.

The further method I have to propoſe, has nothing in it againſt the general LIBERTY of the PRESS; which I

have no intention ſhould be in the leaſt affected by it:—The preſs, as every man of ſenſe and candour will ſee, is left as open to the writers of Books and Pamphlets, and Remonstrances as ever:—'Tis the mode of publiſhing which is the Grand Evil to be remedied—for, as I obſerved before, books and pamphlets find few readers, in compariſon with Newſpapers.

As the matter ſtands at preſent, the News-printer who prints palpable blaſphemy, treaſon, ſedition, ſlander—provided he gives up his author, is, as he apprehends, free from every imputation of offence:—But is it ſufficient to acquit the active perpetrator of guilt, that he makes diſcovery of the wretch who ſet him on?

—For

—For the printer, in ſober judgment, reſpecting the public or the party injured, is abſolutely the committer of the treſpaſs:—the common plea of ignorance, in moſt caſes, is childiſh, and not worth notice.

I therefore further humbly propoſe, a board of regulation and inquiry to be appointed—and no place more proper, in my opinion, than at the STAMP-OFFICE: —It naturally falls under that department—

Offences and abuſes reſpecting the CUSTOMS, EXCISE, &c. are determinable by their ſeveral commiſſioners:—Offences againſt legal adminiſtration, the quiet order of the ſtate, and the peace of individuals

individuals (who ſhould have a right of preferring their complaints) committed by Newſpaper-printers, ſhould be adjudged by the commiſſioners of the ſtamp-duties—who ſhould be inveſted with the power of increaſing, or diminiſhing the number of their ſtamps, according to their civil or criminal conduct—and, after repeated reprehenſions, of depriving them altogether.

In which laſt extremity, it would be highly proper for the commiſſioners to give public notice of ſuch their proceeding in the LONDON GAZETTE; ſetting forth the nature of their offences, and the repeated provocations they had paſſed by—that all mankind might be left to judge of the lenity they had ſhewn, and approve

approve the juſtice of their final judgment.

News and advertiſements would ſtill be read—but improper and pernicious publications, under the notion of public News, ought not to be read, nor to be ſuffered in any well-regulated country:—Neither would ſuch reſtriction (I repeat it again) have the ſmalleſt tendency towards abridging the LIBERTY of the PRESS.

The ſyſtem would be ſoon changed by this evident and practicable mode—mankind might be inſtructed, inſtead of being diſtracted, as they are now:—A ſet of ſenſible, moral eſſayiſts might ariſe—another ſet of STEELES and ADDISONS!—

but

but the preſent wretched race of Hackney-writers of Newſpapers, deter and keep them off—Men are not fond of herding with ſavages.

The inſolence and injuſtice of Hackney-coachmen, &c. are cognizable before their proper commiſſioners—but the juſt puniſhment which falls upon thoſe delinquents, don't debar the public from riding in Hackney-coaches—but enables them to ride with greater eaſe and ſecurity.

It is for the nation's honour—it is for the kingdom's ſafety—it is for the public good, and no leſs for the private peace of every individual, that the Newſpaper-productions of the preſs, ſhould be

be immediately put under ſome regulation.

To curtail LICENTIOUSNESS, can never be deemed an infringement upon LIBERTY—but rather eſtabliſhing it upon a ſurer and more permanent foundation.

ERRATUM in Pa. 48. L. 12. for *after*—read *before*.

See CANON 59.—*Miniſters to catechize every* SUNDAY—under the penalties of REPREHENSION, SUSPENSION, EXCOMMUNICATION—upon the firſt, ſecond, third wilful neglect therein.

ORATORS

Orators and Oratory.

I Have heard much of Orators, and have attended to many who have been cried up for ſuch; but I can ſafely ſay—I never ſaw one in my life.

If Oratory is the gift of just Perswasion, as I would fain underſtand it to be—'tis certainly among the rareſt good qualities, of which we have any idea.

In that light, and that only—I beg leave to take it up at preſent:—for merely to perſwade, is not the matter—it muſt have ſome commendable epithet prefixed, or I deny it to be Oratory.

It

It muſt be uſeful to ſome good and important end, or it is no part of neceſſary knowledge—no branch of education—for nothing ought to be admitted into a virtuous inſtitution, which is not uſeful to good purpoſes and to good ends.

Inſtead of the ART of ORATORY—(by which ſomething more is meant than the bare ART of SPEAKING and HARANGUING)—let us call it, in ſome caſes, the ART of AMUSING *with vain words*, or The ART of BABBLING.

In others, the ART of PREVARICATION, or the ART of COZENING.

In

In polite phrafe—the ART of CHICANERY, and the ART of SEDUCTION—In plain Englifh, the ART of CHEATING.

When youth and inexperience were to be the dupes of defigning knaves, during the two laft centuries, it was called, the ART of CONEY-CATCHING:—But we who have refined upon the vices of our forefathers, more than upon their virtues, have happily hit upon a better word—more expreffive and general—we now call it the ART of BAMBOOZLING.

The art of turning truth into falfhood, falfhood into truth—commonly called the art of making black, white; white, black—

black—is too well known to be insisted upon.

We have also among us, the ART of CONFOUNDING — commonly called the ART of DUMBFOUNDING — (a happy change enough, tho' vulgar) for people had better be dumb, than speak to no purpose; or to the worst purposes—or be deaf, than hearken to what is not worth hearing.

All these seem wide of the intended mark, and directly contrary to true ORATORY—whose end is JUST PERSWASION, whose point is TRUTH.

But it will not be amiss to mention one more, into which all the former, and

every ſpecies of falſe gloſs may be reſolved—namely, the ART of SOPHISTRY, or falſe reaſoning, againſt immutable TRUTH and JUSTICE—in direct oppoſition to the dictates of NATURE refined by REASON.

The Sophiſts loſt all credit, from the time they quitted good ſenſe, for jargon; ſound reaſoning, for fallacious argumentation:—Nobody was intereſted, in what they did not underſtand—at length, nobody believed any thing they ſaid—(the common caſe with liars, prevaricators, falſe reaſoners, and frontleſs declaimers!)—For they had drawn ſuch a thick and myſtical veil over the face of TRUTH—that the poor auditors began to deſpair of ever more being illumined by her refulgency,

fulgency, or cheered by her bright beams!

The tables were turned upon them preſently—thoſe who had looked up to them with the eye of admiration, now beheld them with ſcorn!—their wiſdom, even in the judgment of their late partial favourers, became FOOLISHNESS—or, in other words, WISDOM and FOLLY were ſynonymous.

'If this is your boaſted WISDOM, ſaid the ſoul-wounded hearers—henceforward whatever is obſcure, whatever far-fetched, whatever fallacious, impertinent and inconcluſive; ſhall be called, in deriſion, WISDOM—and as you ſtyle yourſelves SOPHISTS—that is WISE MEN,

and profeſſors of virtuous knowledge and uſeful ſcience—and are generally acknowledged to be, and would fain paſs for ſuch—(for we have no intention of ſtripping you of your title)—be SOPHISTS ſtill:—But remember that henceforward, for your ſake, every trifling diſputant, every ſmatterer in logic, every tropemonger and figure-caſter—ſhall be deemed SOPHISTS as well as you.

'Our ambition was to learn things, rather than words—and tho' method we allow to be neceſſary, yet matter we hold more eſſential:—A little more of the one, a little leſs of the other, if your wiſdoms pleaſe!—*More matter and leſs art*, ſaid the Queen (ſmiling)—

"While

'While TRUTH was your guide, we acknowledged you (under her) for our honoured ſages—You were our venerable maſters, we your ſuppliant diſciples—You were our wiſe fathers, we your docile children:—With what delight you taught!—with what rapture we heard!—What honey diſtilled from your lips!—what harmonious ſweets beſtruck our ears!—thence to the head, the heart, the ſoul!—

'Each day our minds waxed ſtronger!—Can it be wondered then, that we ſhould ſo far follow you implicitly?—Implicitly did I ſay?—How can that be?—when every ſentence you uttered, ſeemed to carry conviction along with it?

'We found your reaſonings, for the moſt part, juſt—but chiefly we admired the generoſity of your nature, the manlineſs of your principles, and the rectitude of your intentions!—they were ſelf-evident.—The ſeaman's compaſs could not direct more true!—And ſooner would, as we fondly believed, the Polar ſtar, the mariner's hope and ſafety, err from its deſtined point, than you, deſignedly, o'erleap theline of truth!

'Not but that demonſtration might ſometimes fall ſhort—But what of that?—We well knew, that truth is not always developed, but always *to be* developed.'

Methinks

Methinks ſome of my impatient readers already begin to beg the queſtion—What has all this to do with ORATORY?

By their leave it has—for we muſt learn to ſpeak, before we can ſpeak to purpoſe.

A little ornament, where the heart feels, and the ſoul ſpeaks, ſuffices ORATORY.—It is not ſtudious of figure—which is often falſe.—It delights not in fluency, nor even choice, far leſs in a redundancy of words.

The end muſt be honeſt, and, if poſſible, totally diſintereſted—that I maintain to the laſt:—For otherwiſe, every ſon of iniquity may ſet up for an Ora-

tor—ſince every wicked man can play the Orator in wickedneſs.

Would you profane the ſacred name of ORATOR, by giving it to a wretch?—Would you not rather ſtyle him ſeducer, wrangler, brawler, blaſphemer — than ORATOR?

'Where are we to look for our Orators?—In our ſchools and ſeminaries?—'

No, ſurely—What, among pupils?—ſtriplings in arts?—There only the firſt principles are taught.

'Where then ſhall we look for them?'

In

In the world—in ripe and full-fledged manhood.

Many there are whoſe dignity, pre-eminence, profeſſion, place—ſhine more illuſtrious having this rare gift.

For few, we ſhould ſuppoſe, would ruſh on ſervice, which he can't acquit—accept an office, which he cannot fill—diſcharge a duty, which he never learnt—nor ever meant to learn—

'O, but deputies may diſcharge, ſo that principals can prate—'

Can man be ſo prepoſterous to himſelf?—at once his own pride and ſhame!—creating wants, only to want ſtill more!—a voluntary cipher, or a drudge!—

plunging in never-ending care! — For what?—for fame, for admiration, place, ambition!—to be diſtinguiſhed, courted, feared—but moſt, to ſhine in eloquence! —to charm the volatile, and lull the looby!

'Still, I ſay, where are we to look for theſe Orators?'

Why, every where—where they are to be found:—In the Senate, at the Bar, in the Pulpit, on the Stage.

In the firſt, you'll find, all is venality and mock-patriotiſm—At the ſecond, nothing but ſordid intereſt prevails—In the third, indifference is too common, or ſupineneſs that diſtaſtes, or affectation that ſhocks—In the fourth, grimace ſup-

plies

plies the want of ſenſibility; falſe fire, of juſt feeling.

But firſt—to the firſt—

'How ſhall I hereafter confide in the man, who ſeduced my innocence?—(for I had been innocent, but for him!)—who ſoothed me with promiſes, which he never meant to perform?—and, making an advantage of my neceſſity—(a neceſſity which, God forgive me! I had wantonly, nay wickedly brought upon myſelf)—bribed me with glittering gold, which he had begged, or borrowed, or ſharped, or ſtolen!

'Shall I hearken once more to what he ſays?—(would I had never hearkened

to

to him!)—be again ſoothed, or rather gulled with the voice of the charmer? (for he ſings ſweetly, as they ſay!)—believe him white as ſnow, whoſe falſe heart, by fatal experience! I know to be dark as ſoot?—

'Impoſſible!—he is not to be credited!—no honeſt man, who knows his ſtory, which all know by this time, ſhall henceforward believe a ſyllable of what falls from his baſe lips!—

'And what has he got by it?—a ſeat:—which, in a virtuous ſenate, he would diſgrace!—

'Nay more—they ſay he is placed, or penſioned, or both—'

Nay.

Nay then, to be ſure, we muſt believe all—it comes from the heart, no doubt —It is not for the place or penſion he harangues; but for the public:—he has no job of journeywork in hand—no wicked ſcheme to further, no wife to overſet—his and his country's intereſt are inſeparable!

What's here, another Orator?—

"Ay, I ha' good cauſe to remember him!—'tis my londlord, you muſt know —and that's his friend, whom he brought in at laſt electioneering (if it may be called ſo)—on whoſe account, I had like to ha' been turned out of houſe and home —I and my poor family!—becauſe, forſooth, I wou'dn't know a gentleman,

that

that I had never ſeen with my eyes afore!—nor nobody elſe, in our part of the world:—for, they ſay, he lives among the blacks, when he's at home—whoſe blood, belike, he has been ſucking theſe ſeven years, as they ſay—and now, ma'hap, he wants to ſuck ours, if we'll let him—

'But londlord, they ſay, has paid off the blacks ſcore, in ſome meaſure, and has ſuckt him pretty handſomely, tho' not bone-dry.—Now to take ALL, you know, and leave his poor tenants in the lurch, was not fair, nor acting like a Chriſtian—for I cou'd ha' had ſom'at handſome a t'other ſide—'

'How was it?

'Nay,

'Nay, I can't call to mind the whole—'twas ſhort, but very terrible, that's ſure, while it laſted!—He took an advantage of my want of compacity, and almoſt terrified me out o' my wits, into the bargain!—Lord a marcy! what a mortal paſſion he was in!—for nothing at all, as I thought—

'For, d'ye ſee me—I knew I was free!—I had often heard my mother ſay as how, *all her children were ſons of* FREEDOM!—But when it came to the puſh, I found I had not words to juſtify my ſenſe of that bleſſing!—but he was well ſtored with words—and there he got the better o' me—'

He ſpeaks well, does he?

'O,

'O, a main ſpeaker!—the greateſt Horacle in all our country!—you ſhall hardly come nigh his fellow!—I verily think, in my ſoul and conſcience! if he was to ſet about it, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, he could make you believe—the moon was made of green cheeſe, as the ſaying is!—'

Such men are always dangerous, never uſeful.

'You ſhall hear what words he gi'd me—words that would brook no anſwer: —I but begged his honour to conſider a bit, and have a morſel o' patience!— "PATIENCE?" cry'd he, in a fury!— adod! I thought he'd a knockt me down!—But if a had—as ſure as ever I'd

I'd a got up—adod! I'd a knockt him down, what thof he wur my lond-lord!—'

You'd have ſerved him very right—

'Right or wrung, I'ad ſartainly done it!—" Don't prate to me of patience! ſaid he—I have conſidered! ſaid he—and that's enough! ſaid he—Who taught you to conſider? ſaid he—who made you a judge of *mine* and the country's intereſt? ſaid he—but I waſte time! ſaid he—Harkee? ſaid he—comply with my good will and pleaſure, or, Get out!—Out! out! get out!"—(juſt as thof I'd been a dog!)—" Turn out!—troop!—bag and baggage! ſaid he—Now you know my mind! ſaid he

—I'll ha' no mutineers in my camp! ſaid he"—That's all, an' pleaſe you.'

This liberal gentleman appears to have reſolution enough to be a ſtout Speaker —but, according to our definition, can be no ORATOR.

Yonder fine gentleman parades it prettily, ſpeaks neatly, harangues plauſibly, declaims powerfully!—never tired, nor out of breath!—has words at will; ay, and the art of arranging them too.

His motives to a ſeat aroſe from his gift of utterance:—He pretended to be a lover of fame—but what ſort of fame? ſo he affected popularity—but ſuch kind of

of popularity, as a wiſe man would ſtudiouſly ſhun.

Gold was his idol, tho' he abounded—(ſtrange paſſion!)—in ſhort, before every conſideration of laws, divine or human—of moral obligations—of offices, of which he knew well the force and extent—of gratitude to heaven, for what was lent him (for he had more, far more than thouſands, who wanted nothing)—In ſpite of all, Gain was his goal!

'Having ſucceeded, ſays he, no matter what it coſt—my fortune muſt be made, my conſequence confirmed!—they ſhall not put me off ſhabbily—little places befit little men—dead men, as we

call them—men of meer local intereſt, without talents.—For me, I know my abilities, and I rate them accordingly:—Nothing, in this world, is to be had for nothing—in proof of which, I purchaſed my ſeat—(one of the laſt things a wiſe man would think, ſhould be ſet to ſale—but ſo it is, for all his wiſdom)—and paid a round ſum for it!—Still am I bleſt with independency—and they ſhall pay me a round ſum, and ſomething elſe, if they have me—

'At preſent, I flouriſh only, for my diverſion!—like a ſkilful maſter in the ſcience of defence—who gets fame, in getting himſelf in wind, before he mounts in earneſt—

'And

'And have me, I know, they muſt —they cannot do without me.—Wiſe adminiſtration, ſupports itſelf; corrupt, muſt be ſupported.—Thenceforward may I be truly called, a PROP and BUTTRESS of the STATE.

Shortly after he loſt his independency —but he found a place, equal to his moſt ſanguine wiſhes!—What can that man be ſaid to have found—who has loſt himſelf?

'We are undone! we are undone!' is the common, hackneyed cry, for want of directors!'

How can that be, ſay I—while we have ſo many able ORATORS?—(ſpokeſmen, I mean)

'Well then, the City and the India-Company are undone! — undone! undone!—'

Recollect yourſelf, I pray you! — for, ſurely, men may be preſumed to ſtand firm upon their legs—as long as they can ſpeechify.

Numberleſs are the inſtances which might be produced, of ſucceſsful brawlers, void of meaning, as of ſhame—placemen, without parts—patriots, without probity—ſenators, without virtue—all owing to the abuſe of words—

But to what purpoſe to produce them?—ſince we are well aſſured ſuch characters, armed on the one hand with

matchleſs confidence, ſupported on the other by powerful intereſt, have made their way in all periods :—tho' I think it is generally agreed, thoſe have been the moſt virtuous times, in which bad men prevailed leaſt.

But enough of the Senate—leſt it ſhould be ſuſpected we deſcend to point out particular characters :—That's odious!—and ſhould be always avoided.

No moraliſt who cenſures vice and folly, directs point-blank at the delinquents :—That were a breach of what himſelf profeſſes; to leave men ſhameleſs, whom he meant to mend.

Morality arraigns, but ſcourges not—condemns the knavery, but ſpares the knaves—points out the error, but leaves the puniſhment thereof to juſtice and the law—

And where miſdeeds are dark as blackeſt night—and may be fixed!—the law condemns—

Hear the dread voice of JUSTICE!—hear, and tremble!—ye, whom your own conſciences already have condemned!—

Where the OFFENCE *lies*—(in ſpite of riches, which may purchaſe favour—or blood, which binds to one another's intereſt)—*there let the* GREAT AXE *fall!*

Deſcend

Deſcend we next into the Hall—the largeſt Hall in EUROPE, as it is ſaid—but if not quite ſo large, 'tis very ſpacious.

What an army of black gowns and white bands have we here!—enough, we may conclude, to ſave or ſink a nation!—All ORATORS, no doubt, to a man!

The cauſe of JUSTICE, the right of property, the caſe of the fatherleſs and widow—of the oppreſſed, the indigent, the captive, muſt be well ſupported—where there are ſo many gentlemen bred in their defence!—This is, ſurely, among the moſt eſſential bleſſings of freedom and civilization!—

'Fall

'Fall back!—ſtand aſide!—clear the paſſage!—and make way for the counſel!'

'Tis done as you commanded.—Now for a few ſpecimens of Bar-Oratory—

Do but ſhut your eyes a moment—and tell me, if that pleader brings not to your ear, the ungrateful din of SOUNDING BRASS?—Now open them again—when every ſenſe muſt be convinced, that 'tis the very thing itſelf!

That gentleman is angry!—Hark! how he treats the baſhful evidence, who bluſh to ſpeak the truth!—they tremble at his confidence!—What can have put him out of humour?

'Tis

'Tis love of JUSTICE and his client's cauſe, that ſo beſtir him—'

JUSTICE, ever ſedate, requires no ſuch matter—when joined with JUDGMENT, ſhe is all compoſure—when paired with MERCY, all tenderneſs!—

His client's cauſe, indeed, being a bad one, may require no leſs—but, methinks, I ſhall be ſorry if he ſucceeds, by dint of noiſe and impudence.

Is this what is called Bar-Oratory, about which ſo much is ſaid?—

BAR-ORATORY then is BEAR-ORATORY!—the bareſt and the baldeſt form of words, that ours, or any language is capable

capable of.—That a *ſet* of rational beings, ſhould have ever thought of *ſetting up*, upon ſuch a ſorry *ſet* of words—is aſtoniſhing!

The judge laughs!—and ſeems to enter into the ſpirit of the jeſt!—That's unbecoming!—a judge ſhould never laugh!—JUSTICE is always ſober, majeſtic, awful!—What's the joke?

Something foreign to the buſineſs in hand, and muſt interrupt it—It may prove of fatal conſequence to one ſide, and, in the end, turn the ſcale on the wrong—

That the ill-timed blunder of a greenhorn counſel, ſhould occaſion ſo much mirth,

mirth, in ſo ſerious a buſineſs as property, on which the peace of families depends—is much to be admired!—But I obſerve theſe black gentlemen are much given to laughter—too much!—

Their client's ſorrow, is their joy!—the widow's tears, their triumph!—the mourning of the diſtreſſed, their feſtivity!—Fie! fie! fie!—

I have no particular enmity to lawyers—I own I ſhould like them better, if their profeſſion would ſuffer them to be honeſter men—or that they would even permit other people to be ſo.

Far from prejudice am I in theſe matters—for, in my judgment, no garment

ought

ought to ſit more gracefully than the LONG-ROBE.

'Where are we now?—and who have we here?'

This is DOCTORS-COMMONS — theſe learned advocates, civilians, canoniſts!—

Mark that gentleman who preſides! —and learn by him, what manly gravity befits a judge—

Note his attention!—Catch his eye vacant if you can!—Believe me, he labours in mind, *more abundantly than them all!*—

Learn

Learn alſo, by his example, to be patient under the worſt evil that may befal you!

Stay and hear his judgment—it may prove a leſſon to you for life!—I ſhould have ſaid, if that gentleman means to give over baiting his ears before bed-time—

He has been up three hours and three quarters already, by the dial!—yet he has ſaid nothing, but what was better ſaid before—Nevertheleſs he has prevailed—

'How has he prevailed?'

He has prevailed upon one half of his Audience to leave the court—and among them,

them, the very perſons who were moſt intereſted in the cauſe.

But the caſe is far different with our clergy—(the beſt and ableſt of them) —to thoſe two claſſes of gentlemen, of whom I have been ſpeaking—

Many of their compoſitions do the higheſt honour to their profeſſion, their language, themſelves.—It were frequently to be wiſhed, they had ſomebody, better able to preach their diſcourſes for them, than themſelves—that they might ſhew to better advantage, even from that place for which they were originally calculated :—For many of them compoſe well, who preach ill.

They

They have the full power of JUST PERSUASION—ay, and of conviction too, in their hands—but they might as well be locked up in their ſtudies, if they perſuade not.

Either from a modeſt diffidence of their own ſufficiency, or palpable negligence—or fearing to exert themſelves, or judging it unneceſſary—or want of ſimplicity, or not taking right aim at the head and heart—ſtill PERSUASION is wanting.

Many of them proceed but as indifferent readers—'tis ſtarched, not free—'tis cramped, not eaſy—the wig, or ſomething elſe one would ſuſpect to be in the

 way:

way:—How then ſhould ſuch ſucceed as perſuaſive preachers?

The characters which approached the neareſt to excellency in PULPIT-ORATORY (according to my idea) of all that I have ever met with, are the Reverend JOHN WESLEY—and a poor *Flemiſh* Capuchin, upon whom I chanced to ſtumble ſome years ago, in the great church at ALOST.

WHITEFIELD, I confeſs, had great powers—but he wanted judgment, even in that excellency in which he was ſuperiorly gifted.—A cloſe obſerver, free from the partiality and enthuſiaſm which commonly accompanied his congregation, I think, might have diſcovered,

covered, his was rather the artifice, than the art of Oratory.

Thoſe young clergymen who labour at the falſe ſtage-manner, and think they have gained a great point—are undone to a man!—They will never more be able to read, or pray, or preach as long as they live!—Better to have no manner, than a feigned and affected manner.

I lately heard one of thoſe apes, murder the fifteenth chapter of PAUL's firſt Epiſtle to the CORINTHIANS, appointed for the BURIAL SERVICE—in ſuch tones, falſe pointing and geſticulation — that, had it not been for ſhame, I had ran out of the church!—

I would much ſooner have been buried quick with the corpſe, than have heard it over again!—

The STING of DEATH, I conceived muſt be light, in compariſon with the unfledged darts, and pointleſs daggers, which that undiſciplined Chriſtian combatant, inceſſantly ſpurted at my eyes and ears!—to teaze and torment—(miſtaking chapter and verſe entirely)—not to pierce the heart, and *harrow up the ſoul!*

Yet I muſt do the young gentleman the juſtice to declare (for juſtice is due to every man)—that moſt of the company, allowed it was very fine!—They had never heard any thing like it before—(nor I neither, and I hope I never

ſhall again) and therefore concluded it to be very fine.

Some of them appealed to me—which I was ſorry for—as it laid me under the painful neceſſity of ſpeaking what I felt—for to tell you the truth, I was not yet recovered of the ſmart he had given me.

If we go to look for juſt oratory upon the ſtage, we ſhall be ſure to be diſappointed—tho' there the excellence is confined to utterance; the invention being another's.

Indeed if we lay more ſtreſs upon the action of ſnatching a lance, ſhamming a fall, brandiſhing a ſword, holding a

dagger, or dropping a hat (as is uſual with the bulk of a theatrical audience) than upon the words which incite ſuch action—there is an end of all diſpute upon this head :—the actor is, out and out, a much greater character than the author—And ſo he looks upon himſelf to be—and ſo the world looks upon him.

The actor's art is no other than that of catching the poet's fire—of feeling what he felt, and ſtrongly marked—and of repeating his words, ſo as to convey the paſſion.—But this requires far more underſtanding, than we find in the generality of actors.

They are either too vehement—*o'erſtepping the modeſty of nature* (as their great maſter ſays) or too tame.

The

The moſt ſublime ideas, the fineſt feelings, and the happieſt expreſſions of the poet—we muſt pick up and make out, as well as we can, from the ſtrut, and noiſe, and bluſter of the actor.

'Tis unmeaning, or falſe meaning, and commonly wide of the mark:—'tis every thing, but what it ſhould be—

'Tis a body charmed with its figure, and much taken up with the fitneſs and elegance of its habit—with a mind, too confident for great and juſt action; too fond of Applauſe, to deſerve it.

From the foregoing premiſes, it follows, according to our idea of ORATORY—that—

No venal ſtateſman—no greedy place-man—no mock-patriot—no ſelf-admiring, nor mob-applauding haranguer—can be an ORATOR.

No crafty lawyer—no quirking barriſter—no brow-beating, unfeeling, fee-loving pleader—no wrangling ſerjeant—no endleſs advocate—can be an ORATOR.

No ſtarch pedant—no quaint prig—no lifeleſs ſtudent—no litigious rector—no jovial vicar—no negligent curate—no ſtage-ape—can be an ORATOR.

No ſtrutting, bawling, bellowing, drawling, whining, ogling, intriguing, grimacing actor—more intent upon his figure

figure and dreſs, and the applauſe he covets, than upon his part—can be an ORATOR.

And further—that every natural gift, acquired endowment, and ſtudied grace, will fall ſhort of the character; unleſs united in the genuine ſpirit of LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCY:—a thorough diſintereſted mind, fearleſs and hopeleſs, appears to me abſolutely neceſſary—whence I beg leave to conclude, that —only a JUST MAN, can be a JUST ORATOR.

PAINT and WASHES.

TO you, my fair readers! this article is particularly addreſſed—and, heaven ſend it may have a happy influence upon ſome of you!

What a collection of filth and trumpery have we here!—PAINT and PASTES!—GREASE and WASHES!——choicely diſpoſed and carefully preſerved in boxes and gallipots—in pans and platters!

What a labour to live, if all theſe are neceſſary!

Know

Know ye not the wretches who invented and compounded them?—Why then I'll tell you—

They were, of human form, ſuch as made a livelihood, of cheating and corrupting the underſtanding of fraileſt humanity—

They would, by the groſs, ſell lovely ladies (once ſparkling) eyes—for no more than twelve-pence!—to be afterwards diſſected, diſplayed and retailed in object-glaſſes!—

Strip ſofteſt ſkins!—(once pure and lilly-white, now parched and cruſted!)—and vend them to beaſtly chapmen, for baſeſt purpoſes—at leſs than half-a-crown

crown a hide!—(they deſerved not a comelier name, nor a better price, by that time)—

Pluck out their pearly teeth!—and wantonly ſell them to idle boys, for chuck-ſtones, at doits a dozen!—

Their delicate nails!—they valued no more than the rude parings of their own!—

Their dainty locks!—(once deſcending in ſweeteſt ringlets!)—by wicked artifice much changed in hue—would they next miſchievouſly eradicate!—ſtill drawing out, from day to day, by hairs and handfuls—till they had not left them a ſingle hair upon their heads!

That

'That was wanton cruelty indeed!—for what end could they anſwer?'

None, but the moſt vile—for the life was gone!—much better might be gathered among the manſions of the dead, even after ſeveral years interment!—Still they might be uſeful in ſome ſort—nothing is caſt away in a trading nation—they might ſerve to ſtuff cuſhions and pack-ſaddles.

Think what time you waſte in deforming; where you propoſe decoration and amendment!

Think to what nobler purpoſes, that time might be allotted!

Think

Think what pains you take to render yourſelves diſtaſteful, whom nature had made ſo charming, ſo inviting!—ſweeteſt of all her ſweets!

A moment's reflection will point out to you, that no ingratitude towards heaven, can equal yours!

Figure to yourſelves the moſt ghaſtly and horrible ſpectre, that ever affrighted FANCY made up!—Such is the figure of that monſter, INGRATITUDE-TOWARDS-HEAVEN!

What lifts the head, and gracefully falls the ſhoulders—like conſcious INNOCENCE?

What

What vermilion can vie with the maiden-blush of MODESTY?

Only BENEVOLENCE can add lustre to the eye.

The ear is deaf to true harmony, at which the Voice of DISTRESS finds not a ready entrance.

No feeling, like PITY—no smell, like the fragrant breath of LOVE—no taste, without GOODNESS.

All PAINT and WASHES are pernicious!—ye bedaub your MINDS, in the self-same instant that ye decorate your BODIES! ye leave stains there, which no fullers-earth nor time can expunge.

Believe

Believe me, LADIES!—nothing clears the complexion, ſmooths the ſkin, and keeps wrinkles at due diſtance—like FAIR VIRTUE and FAIR WATER.

SLEEP.

HOW few enjoy, what all admit, ſweet SLEEP?
CARE's cure, SOUL's reſt, and BODY's comforter!

Meaſure the goods of life by that ſole GOOD:
See what invites, delays, diſtracts, deſtroys
The coy, yet common gueſt—

Strange that mankind's
Chiefeſt bleſſing, another air and aliment,
Should fail to viſit in our greateſt need!

Whence comes it?—Proceeds it not from ourſelves?
That's the queſtion—well worth a moment's pauſe—

VIRTUE and virtuous INDUSTRY invite—
PLEASURE delays—ſad GRIEF, tumultuous CARE,
Inſatiable AVARICE, mad REVENGE,
Falſe FEAR, falſe GLORY, fruitleſs HOPE diſtract—
While glaring WRONG conſigns to baniſhment,
What ſplendid GUILT wholly eradicates!

Only the good gather the genuine fruit
Of SLEEP—All elſe is rank, or out of ſeaſon—

Taſteleſs, or artificial—cloying, or
Innutritious!—

NIGHT may invite to SLEEP—
But NIGHT alone compoſes not to PEACE!

Pleaſures in dreams fatigue, but refreſh not—
Sore SORROW ſickens into LANGUOR—Fears
Multiply—SUSPICION keeps watch and ward—
Ruthleſs REVENGE meditates the big MISCHIEF—
GLORY waxes great, anon diminiſhes—
Wavering HOPE, in bed or ſtirring, true
To no point, except its own SELF-TORMENT!

Mid-day CARE, is broadeſt awake at midnight!

The time allotted AVARICE for reſt,
Is ſpent, 'twixt Sleep and waking, hunting bargains,
Untimely legacies, uſurious contracts,
In what he has gain'd—and what he might have got;
In what he has left—and what he dreads to leave!

The mind's ſedition muſt be firſt appeas'd,
Before the man finds SLEEP—'ere that is quell'd,
REST is reſtleſs—Repoſe is not REPOSE!

The BODY may be ſtretched at full length,
And by inaction of itſelf recover;
But the perplex'd, deform'd and wrinkled MIND,
Is not ſo eaſily made ſmooth and ſtrait.

Mark

Mark the proud tenant of the ſtately manſion—
See how he provides for SLEEP—that no noiſe,
No ſound—not even the gentleſt breeze may breathe
Upon his lighteſt ſlumbers; which SILENCE,
And th' apothecary's aid, hardly procure!—

All is huſh'd, ſave himſelf!—his tiptoe ſervants
Know not after what faſhion to approach;
Yet fear they may be wanted!—dreading ſtill
To lift their feet and ſet them down again!

Mean while the victim'd Lord to his own guilt
And avarice, partakes but ſcanty reſt;
Toſſing with diſcontent from ſide to ſide!—
Starting with horror, where no danger is!—
And hearing, thro' IMAGINATION's ear,
What is not to be heard!

Again he ſhrinks!—
As tho' the midnight raven croak'd for him alone!—

Wherefore ſhould that affect th' unconſcious man?
The ſcreech-owl ſtartles not the innocent—
They know 'tis only NATURE's endleſs voice
In vary'd tones, thro' different organs.

Doſt envy him his PELF and want of PEACE?
Has he not far more cauſe to envy thee,
Who know'ſt, in guileleſs POVERTY, the SWEETS of SLEEP?

THEATRE.

WE loſe more by the THEATRE than we learn—that, I apprehend, will hardly admit of a queſtion—

In which caſe—we pay ſauce for our WIT with a vengeance!

The Theatre nurſes thoſe follies, which it is meant to correct.

The beſt plays (thoſe of a moral caſt, of which we have but few) are ſeldom acted, and to thin audiences—

But thoſe which are accounted the beſt—which ſhine in wit, in language, and

and allure to modiſh vice and faſhionable folly, by the moſt ſpecious artifices — and draw the rabble of pit, box and gallery from all quarters of the town—are certainly the worſt plays, for public repreſentation, that were ever wrote.

Whence we conclude, that a play, ſuch as it ought to be—would ſtand the faireſt chance of being damned the firſt night.

This article may poſſibly be enlarged in future:—at preſent, my little work begins to ſwell beyond its intended bulk —and my bookſeller whiſpers me, *'tis neceſſary to preſerve the volumes of a juſt and equal ſize.*—There ought, no doubt,

to be a meaſure and proportion in every thing, when one comes to conſider the matter—ſo far my worthy little friend is right.

For the ſame reaſon, I am obliged to omit my article of SHAKESPEARE—which might have been rather amuſing to ſome, tho', perhaps, not very inſtructive—not from a want of reſpect and reverence for that inimitable genius—*(for I love the man, and honour his memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as any* *)—but that it ſeems fit to prefer, in every work, the MORAL to the CRITICAL.

* BEN JONSON.

TRIS-

Tristram Shandy.

WE cannot eaſily diveſt the man of his character, nor ſeparate the author from his book—could that be done, as I am much fonder of beſtowing praiſe than cenſure, I ſhould certainly commend a writer, in whom there is much to be commended, and more to be admired—but far, far more, when we come to conſider his function, to be condemned.

He wrote to the folly of the age—which it was his duty, as a chriſtian miniſter, to have checked—not to have encouraged.

A clergyman and a wit!—I had rather he had been a clergyman and a wiſe man—

It will not be ſafe, nor adviſeable, in my opinion, for any young clergyman to tread in his ſteps—altho' he was ſucceſsful.

I hope I have introduced the caution in time—throw up the gown at once, if you have any intention of profeſſing licentious wit—before the pious ſuffragan is compelled to ſtrip it over your ears.

It will not accord, by any means, with the ſerious and important charge you have undertaken.

All

All your knowledge of the Latin and Greek, is out of the queſtion—many things we take for granted—and, among others, that ſhall be admitted, without any examination—

Nay, I'll go farther in your favour, and conclude it won't be an eaſy matter to poſe you in WELSHMAN upon the THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES—and that, by this time, you are as well acquainted with GROTIUS *De Veritate*, as GROTIUS was himſelf.

But that is not enough—to learn books, and not to have learned a thorough ſenſe of the duty incumbent, from the particular charge we have taken upon us—is not enough.

Yours

Yours is a SERIOUS CALL indeed!—and muſt not only be undertaken ſeriouſly, but alſo diſcharged as ſeriouſly.

And here I beg leave to remind the young clerk of that admirable exhortation (beginning, *You have heard*, BRETHREN) pronounced by the biſhop in the ſolemn FORM of ORDERING PRIESTS.—He will have heard it, no doubt—but the ſolemnity of the occaſion!—aweſtruck, as we may imagine with the biſhop's preſence!—and being filled with the HOLY SPIRIT, upon the impoſition of his lordſhip's and his chaplain's hands!—might have confuſed the matter, ſo that he may have totally forgot the ſum and ſubſtance of what paſſed—pro-

vided he has not ſeriouſly conſidered it ſince.

It is commonly annexed to our moſt excellent FORM of PRAYER, the LITURGY of the CHURCH of ENGLAND—I venture to call it ſo ſtill—tho' I am aware it has been pretty much the faſhion of late years to flout at it:—But was there a poſſibility of procuring an ACT of PARLIAMENT to have it burnt—in my conſcience! I don't know where we ſhould find a ſet of men who would be able to frame ſuch another:—they were, paſt all queſtion (if not literally filled with the SPIRIT, which might admit of a diſpute) ſpiritual-minded men who compoſed it.

—A SERI-

—A SERIOUS CALLING indeed!—ſo ſerious, that it cannot—at leaſt, it ought not to be done but in *propria perſona.*

There is no ſuch character to be preſumed, as an itinerant clergyman, from the perfect eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity to the preſent time—ſave in the day of PERSECUTION:—They, of all men, are fixed to a point and determined reſidence, by the importance of their function, and by a juſt and neceſſary proviſion.—Curates are not of choice—but only as aſſiſtants, or allowed of in caſes of neceſſity:—whoever argues otherwiſe, argues in favour of the abuſe, but againſt the expreſs canon and ſenſe of the church.

Your

Your parishioners should know you—and you should know them.

What questions are these, and such as these, which the absentee-rector or vicar, is reduced to the necessity of asking, once a year—when he goes down to settle tithe and surplice accounts?

'Who is such-a-one, and such-a-one, and such-a-one?—How long have they lived in MY parish?—Whence came they? For I never heard of them before—

'How fares such a farmer—and such a miller—and such a malster?

'What say you?—One dead of grief, upon the fall of grain!—Another hang-

ed

ed himſelf in his mill!—the third broke and gone off!—This is ſtrange!—

'And who have ſucceeded to the farm, the mill, and the malthouſe?—

'And all this to fall out (I think you ſay) ſome ſix, eight and ten months ago!—And I not know any thing of the matter, in all that time, is ſtrange! —very ſtrange, indeed!—'

"I don't know how the devil your reverence ſhould!—God forgive me for ſwearing! (replies the ſexton)—when you was above a hundred and fifty miles off!—or, ma'hap, beyond ſea!—or may be dead, for all we knew!—or cared. *(aſide)*"

Don't

Don't you think, young gentleman, this would be giving but a ſorry account of the PARISH—if you ſhould chance to be called upon *ſuddenly?*

Again—ſhould you reſide—which to me is a fundamental in benefices—

For my own part, had I one or more in my gift, I declare I would not preſent any perſon, who did not promiſe me he would reſide:—of ſo much conſequence I look upon it to be, regarding it in a national light.—Nay, unleſs I knew him well, ſo that I might rely upon his word, he ſhould give bond:—for where, I pray you, would be the abſurdity of BONDS of RESIDENCE, any more than of BONDS of RESIGNATION?—

I ſay,

I ſay, ſhould you reſide—I ſhould chooſe your reſidence to be complete—an honour to yourſelf—an inſtrument of good to your pariſh.

But ſhould you chance to turn out a hare-brained wit—an irregular humouriſt—a rambling-ſcambling genius!—in the name of parochial peace and harmony! what is to become of your poor flock?

The door of the ſheepfold (a) will ſoon be off the hinges—and the poor ſheep *ſcattered abroad, having no ſhepherd!* (b) —*The ſheep*, no longer, *hear his voice*—

(a) John, ch. 10. (b) Matt. ch. 9.

for,

for, *knowing his voice*, could they but hear it, *they would* abide with and *follow him*:—But *a ſtranger will they not follow, but will flee from him—for they know not the voice of ſtrangers.* (c)

I ſay, how are they to be tended?—while you are capering and prancing, not only thro' this world, but in the WORLD of the MOON—with MERLIN DE COCCAIE, RABELAIS, BERGERAC and TRISTRAM SHANDY?—or dangling after ſtage-managers?—where 'tis more than a hundred to one, you will be left in the lurch.

What have you to do with the MOON, but from your obſervatory?—or with the STAGE, but in your cloſet?

(c) John, ch. 10.

The Moon affords no bread for you —unleſs you can aſcertain her face, her motion, her path, her diſtance and diameter with more accuracy than has been already done; and thereby enlarge the field of Astronomy.—For the Stage, that's entirely out of the queſtion.

'Tis your indiſpenſable duty, young gentleman, to abide with your pariſh, in all times and ſeaſons—no leſs in the ſeverity and nakedneſs of the Winter, than in the chearfulneſs of the Spring, the luxuriancy of the Summer, and the fulneſs of the Autumn.

This, believe me, is no light and idle charge which you have taken upon you! —Write for the Stage!—what have you to do with writing for the ſtage?—

Are

Are you not ſurrounded with philoſophers, ſcriptures, fathers?—the wiſe and good of all ages!—men, who not only ſet the living example, but left the unerring precept to poſterity?

The ſtage, I ſay once more, is abſolutely out of the queſtion!—you muſt be contented, in conformity with the ſolemn vow you have made, and the important function you have undertaken—ſooner to ſtarve upon your glebe, than to eat the bread of the ſtage!

Neither can you, of all men—(ſo I read it in my Greek Teſtament without the help of a comment)—deſert your poſt, in any time of public or partial calamity!—

In SICKNESS, in PESTILENCE, in FAMINE!—the greater the extremity!—the more dreadful the viſitation!—(ſo ſays my edition)—the leſs may you be ſpared from your duty.

We read of one good biſhop, in the early ages of chriſtianity (HELIODORUS by name)—who was deprived of his biſhopric, as it is ſaid, for writing, or rather for avowing himſelf to have been the author (for it was written when he was a young man) of a chaſte romance.

Indeed he ought not to have been deprived, in my opinion—for he was a virtuous man, and made a virtuous book:—In my judgment, he ſhould have kept his book and his biſhopric too—

But

But the ſenſe of antiquity was different from mine—or, perhaps, yours either:—They condemned not the moral any more than you:—nay, had any other perſon, ſave a biſhop avowed himſelf to have been the author—'tis poſſible they would have commended it.

They might even have overlooked, or winked at it in a deacon, or a prieſt—but not in a biſhop, a man of the higheſt order in the church.

'If any of the inferior clergy, ſaid they, ſhould miſemploy their time in writing profane ſongs, and poems, and romances—who ſhall check them, but their ſuffragan?

'But ſhould their biſhop ſtand in the ſame predicament—in that caſe, they will have no one to call them to account.'

I conclude that after ſome ſuch rigid manner of reaſoning—(tho', doubtleſs, more refined)—the good Doctor HELIODORUS was deprived of his biſhopric.

If TRISTRAM SHANDY was to come to life again—TRISTRAM would gain a thouſand pounds in a month, ſooner than I am like to gain a thouſand pence in a year, at this rate of going on—

The gentlemen would ſubſcribe to TRISTRAM's works, without any ſolicitation—he preaches BAWDRY ſo genteely —nay, elegantly!

The

The ladies would ſubſcribe to TRISTRAM—the ladies abominate foul-mouthed BAWDRY!—but ſuch BAWDRY as TRISTRAM's, they are over head-and-ears in love with!—' 'Tis, ſurely, the moſt delicious BAWDRY in the world!—for it makes you laugh at OBSCENITY, without bluſhing—there's the ſweet of it!'

The clergy would ſubſcribe—' How, the clergy ſubſcribe?'—Yes; the young clergy—who know no better.

The biſhops would not ſubſcribe—to *his* LIFE *and* OPINIONS—No:—But ſome of them, *would give in ſecret, that their* heavenly father, *who ſees in ſecret, may reward them openly!*—

But they would ſubſcribe to his SERMONS—becauſe they made them laugh—

'How, Sermons make people laugh?'

Did not you know that?—Why Sermons and Moral Eſſays are the moſt faſhionable vehicles for jeſts—and we ſeem to be upon the improving hand—

You ſhall find all ſorts of matter in many of them—except matter of COMPOSITION, matter of WISDOM, matter of TRUTH, matter of PIETY.

WANT.

WANT!—that's a vague word and vaſt!—according to ſophiſticated reaſon!—'tis multiplied no leſs than LEGION!—

Shew me the man who has ſo few as a thouſand wants!—what can they ariſe from?

Often from this—becauſe he is poſſeſſed of ten thouſand times more than he really wants.

In ſuch unhappy caſes, a radical cure is hardly to be expected—we may patch up and patch up—but that keeps the patient

patient lingering, and diſcourages the moſt ſkilful in the faculty—

To ſeparate and treat them one by one, will be very tedious!—beſides, where ſhall we find time now?

'Tis a dreadful complication, indeed! —what the doctors agree in calling *a gone* CASE!

Yonder poor caitiff's wants are manifeſt!—famine is in his face!—feed him and make him well.—He is almoſt naked too!—cover him, for ſhame!—and ſend him thankful away.—Happy for him, that all his wants are viſible!

I am ſorry to ſee you ſo diſtreſſed!—ſupport it if you can!—*we muſt be patient!—we came crying here!*—

—Per-

—Perhaps, ſome common miſtake about true happineſs?—for that appears to be the greateſt ſore!—not like mine, I hope—bordering upon frenzy!—

Send for a parſon!—if he chances to underſtand that text, you may be comforted—if not ſaved—

But no one brings comfort, like a conſolatory friend!

Some, I have noted, having the means—want only a mind to make a juſt uſe of them—

Others, poſſeſſed (as they fondly imagine) of generous minds—want only means to give them fruitful action.

But

But have a care for what thou wiſheſt! —the means may come!—the mind may change!—thou'rt ſafeſt as thou art—

Better a mind without means—than means without a mind.

Is your eſtate in danger?—go, ſeek a lawyer!—ſtop the firſt man you meet! —and aſk him, if he is not an attorney? —he will not be affronted—

For there are as many lawyers now, as cauſes—as many cauſes, as attornies—as many counſellors, as either!—ſtill we want counſel!—but not ſuch as they adminiſter.

Or,

Or, are you really ſick?—ſend for FORDYCE (a) at once!—my life againſt yours! he'll heal you—if medicine can effect it.

But what are fancied ailments?—chimeras!—not to be named with mine!—

What are vexatious ſuits—wherein the greateſt ſuffering is the LAW?—

But would you have thoſe gentlemen toil for nothing?—confound themſelves and all mankind with parchments endleſs, and papers without end?—

(a) Dr. GEORGE FORDYCE, one of the Phyſicians of St. Thomas's Hoſpital.

See how inceſſantly they labour for private and public good—to confuſe all order!—confound all ſenſe of RIGHT and WRONG!—

Your caſe, I grant you, was tolerably clear in the beginning—well ſtated, and very promiſing:—but ſince thoſe honeſt men have undertaken it—who the devil can make head or tail of it—beſides themſelves?

This is a real evil, I confeſs—yet ſtill it muſt be endured.

But what are ſickneſſes and compound fractures!—the amputating knife and lateral operation!—to what I feel?—

You

You may trepan my ſkull—I'll ſtrive to bear it!—but while a particle of brain remains, I ſtill ſhall grieve in ſpirit!—

Conſcience upbraids me not—'tis only I upbraid myſelf!—that till theſe years, I ſcarce have looked into myſelf!—(a fool paſt forty—that's a fool indeed!)

—Beheld things as they ſeemed, not as they are!—believed things good, becauſe they glittered in my ſick eye!—contemned things common, for that they only afforded BREAD and PEACE!—for this ingratitude towards heaven, am I now juſtly puniſhed!—

'What, is this all?'

All

All and enough!—

'But ſurely inſufficient to provoke ſuch an extremity of feeling?'

What ſhould a juſt man feel, but from that want, which in himſelf he can't ſupply?—

Suppoſe I owe more money than I can pay?—is not that ſingle want ſufficient?—conſummate wretchedneſs!—

All Egypt's plagues combined, are light to that one ſuffering!—ſome may be borne—others ſhook off:—but that fell plague, to bear, is inſupportable!—to be ſhook off, impoſſible!

Save

Save that ſole plague—(the plague of plagues!)—I am, at this hour, heaven be praiſed! though pennileſs—one of the richeſt of his majeſty's ſubjects.

WISDOM.

WISDOM!—where ſhall we find it?—who has it?—or having, dares to make profeſſion of it?

—For to be wiſe, as this world goes—is to be the greateſt fool in the world!—

So heathen ſages taught—ſo Chriſtian paſtors experimented and confirmed—

The WISDOM *of this* World *is* FOOLISHNESS *(a)*.

(a) 2 Ep. to the Corinth. c. 3. v. 19.

For

For who is juſt—further than the law conſtrains him?

Who is temperate—even tho' ſelf-preſervation, the moſt convincing argument with frail mortality—(for what is ſo precious to a man as himſelf?) ſeems to require it?

Who is courageous?—ſave in doing evil.

Who without fear?—except the fear of God.

Who is grateful?—There is no written law which compels a man to be grateful—ſave a few characters, illegible to moſt, which NATURE, with her own

hand, originally engraved upon the HUMAN HEART.

Who loves his country, more than himſelf?—That's a figure—and may ſhew well enough in ORATORY—but let that paſs—

Who would lay down his life for his friend?—Another pretty conceit!—what hardly ever exiſted, but in imagination—ſome two, or three, or half a dozen, from the beginning of Time, until this preſent writing.

One of our ſageſt, tho' no longer one of our ſweeteſt bards, who had conſidered this ſubject, as well as moſt other, which could add grace and dignity to the

mind *(a)*—has reſolved this riddle in a ſingle line—

'*There have been fewer* FRIENDS *on earth than* KINGS.'

Tho' by a vague reſolution—I can't help thinking but he has conſiderably overdone it.

Who deſires a thouſand times more than he is poſſeſſed of?—Every body.

Who is content?—Nobody.

What need of a thouſand words, where twenty may ſuffice?—

(a) COWLEY.

Words ſerve only to beget words—arguments to provoke arguments—we read, and we read, and we read!—but rarely reaſon upon what we read—

We are delighted with the matter and compoſition! — our eyes ſparkle with the novelty!—our ears eagerly ſuck in all!—our blood thrills with the harmony! (of perſuaſion and conviction, as we imagine)—our hearts dance to the meaſures!—but our underſtanding is blind to the ſcope and drift of the author!

I grant you, if the book has a bad tendency, 'twill make a ſpeedier way—ſo far the author is to be applauded for his

his ingenuity:—the falſer the ſyſtem, the more convinced we are that it is true.

'Tis very wicked! I muſt confeſs—ay, but 'tis very true!'

I ſay, 'tis profane and damnable hereſy againſt the majeſty of TRUTH!

'You may ſay ſo, if you think proper, and ſee who will ſecond you—but for all your aſſertions to the contrary—we're all convinced 'tis very true!

'Mankind is admirably well taken by that Lover of VIRTUE, and Profeſſor of WISDOM!—ſurely his wit will laſt the round of TIME!—What greater demonſtration would you have—when

each, from his own feeling, pronounces it a true bill?'

What a number of wicked wits, have ſome two or three ſet up?

But let us not ſuffer any longer the prevalency of WIT and FASHION, to tranſport us from our true intereſt—nor believe the means to happineſs unattainable, or even difficult to be acquired.

No path ſo plain, tho' little footed, as the broad path of PEACE.

No purchaſe ſo cheap as PEACE—when once we know how to go to market.

Nothing

Nothing ſo plenteous—for it is to be found every where.

It ſprouts up ſpontaneouſly in deſerts, where no men abide!—

Even in the midſt of *Lybian* waſtes and *Arabian* ſands, you may find the flowers of peace beneath your feet!—they ſpring up as you tread—and even with treading!

They are not to be eradicated—for they are indigenous to every ſoil!

Hail! holy PEACE!—the fruition of every thing to be deſired!—the conſummation of all good!

I charge

I charge ye then, my friends and fellow-pilgrims! as ye prize the only PEACE —*that* PEACE *which the* WORLD *cannot give!*—that henceforward ye hearken to the voice of TRUTH—in preference to the fallacious ſyſtems of MACHIAVEL, ROCHEFOUCAULT, and MANDEVILLE.

They propagated falſhood, and they knew it—if ſo, they were not men of virtue.

They were not ſober architects, but confuſed Babel-builders.

See, how the rubbiſh topples down upon their own miſchievous heads!

Now, all muſt come down—and to work afreſh!—

See,

See, with what greater dexterity they pull down, than they built up!

Excellent pioneers they would have made!—but ſorry engineers!

They were better at ſpringing mines—than at defending the outworks.

They were bad limners—they gave not the true life, the fair proportion, the juſt image.

Unſophiſticated man is no ſuch animal, as they wantonly miſrepreſented him.

What judicious painter ſelects for his ſubjects, filth and naſtineſs—blood and carnage—

carnage — thieves and cut-throats — racks and executions?

Are theſe to delight, or to ſhock?— to amend, or to corrupt the mind?—to lead the heart to humanity, or to open the door to profligacy?

But, after all, if mankind is really ſo bad, as thoſe gentlemen repreſent—'tis certainly the duty of ſome of us, to endeavour to make them better.

Moses and the Prophets, at preſent, ſeem to be a little out of the queſtion— ſo that I ſha'n't touch upon them.

Some doctrines we may ſafely diſallow—and Faith, we begin to ſuſpect, may

may be enlarged upon—till we leave it —mere matter of ſpeculation.—

But nothing can ſully the clear glaſs of REASON—nothing ſhake the foundation of the LAW of NATURE—nothing change the immutability of TRUTH.

Let us ſpeak then as to natural men—

Every virtue is ſelf-exiſtent in nature, in reaſon, in truth.

Every virtue is the delight, the action, and the heaven of the human mind!

Every vice, as it is the enemy of man—ſo alſo is it his abhorrence and deteſtation!

Man,

Man, in the moſt abject ſtate of nature—as well in the weakneſs of infancy, as the decrepitude of age—never wants ſome faint glimmering of the loveliness of VIRTUE, and the loathſomeneſs of VICE.

The ſmalleſt aſſiſtance would puſh him on, and enlarge his ideas, in a much greater proportion than we are aware of—

If he is wrong, he only wants to be ſet right—his moſt earneſt deſire, his chief ambition, is to advance, ſtep by ſtep, in knowledge, in wiſdom, in virtue.

The

The love of the propagation of his kind, is not more ſtrongly ingrafted in his nature, than is the love of virtue.

Every man has a particular intereſt in virtue.

No man can have any intereſt in vice.

I ſhall not enter into a diſpute of WHITES and BLACKS—I contend for MAN, not for exterior complexion; and for VIRTUE inherent in MAN—which cannot chooſe but to partake of her own bright feature.

But, as I ſaid before, no man can have any intereſt in vice.

Vice

Vice has no intereſt—but from fooliſh and corrupt opinion.

You would ſwear the man was mad, who would gather Hemlock and Night-ſhade for wholeſome herbs!—call for a draught of poiſon to quench his thirſt! —and eagerly embrace a column of fire for his miſtreſs!

No ſuch contradiction—ſuch palpable miſtake of right and wrong, is to be found in ſimple nature—but who will deny its exiſtence in opinion, and in the world?

Neither is it ſuch an eaſy matter, as ſome imagine, to betray to vice—

'Tis

'Tis with vaſt regret—from ignorance and want of reflection, that the poor, unenlightened image of his Maker, inclines to that ſide—his heart never conſents in the beginning.

He is precipitated into the commiſſion of ſomewhat which he dreads!—he knows not how!—

Had he had a monitor at his elbow, when he was firſt tempted—it ne'er had happened.

He proceeds unwillingly to the ſecond offence—and awkwardly even to the third and fourth repetition—

It becomes neceſſary to encourage him, from time to time—and to aſſure him, *there's nothing in it!*

He grows bolder in vice—yet virtue ſtill ſeizes every occaſion of gentle admonition.

Warmed and impaſſioned with the ſtrumpet!—it may be that he hears not the ſoft whiſper of his once-loved miſtreſs—ſave in the hour of danger and diſmay!—

As ſuch hours frequently occur to the guilty—'tis likely that, throughout a life of guilt, ſeldom a day paſſes, but he feels ſome remorſe—

And

And what is remorſe, I pray you, but the check of virtue?—the lingering ſickneſs—but not a total diſſolution of that principle in him.

'Tis plain, that from the beginning he has been ſtimulated by older practitioners in iniquity, than himſelf—wretches hackneyed and hardened therein.

Guilt ſeeks the ſociety of guilt—it cannot long ſubſiſt ſingly and by itſelf:—But virtue may—and will to all eternity!

A villain muſt be trained to villainy;—no leſs than a ſoldier to arms.

The raw recruit has ſeldom courage of himſelf, to be the firſt to mount the

baſtion, or to man the breach—but where the veterans lead, he'll follow.

Even ſo it is in the warfare and ſiege of life!—

We enter a corrupt world, and are faſhioned in corruption, from our earlieſt dawn of reaſon—

We act not from ourſelves—but from the opinion of others—

Opinion, another general name for folly—firſt corrupts, then countenances.

We conclude the practice to be right—for we have never known any other.

Childiſh

Childiſh amuſements, drudging buſineſs, ſating pleaſures, with all their inſignificant and dire attendants—rob us of our time and of ourſelves—leaving us no room for reflection!

Could we but ſpare a ſmall portion of that time we laviſh upon our delights, to look into ourſelves!—(a ſmall portion I call it—one hour out of four-and-twenty might ſuffice)—we ſhould preſently be convinced—That the VIRTUES, for which we contend, are more natural to man, than the VICES—

That JUSTICE, TEMPERANCE, FORTITUDE, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE of our COUNTRY, BENEVOLENCE, GRATITUDE—are rooted in the HUMAN SOUL—and meant by

by Heaven to be the only ſprings of HUMAN ACTION.

Theſe naturally lead to calm PEACE and ſweet CONTENT—the higheſt objects of our deſire!—

Neither can any human felicity exiſt, ſave in the contemplation and practice of VIRTUE—the only WISDOM.

VANITY.

WHEN we can no longer be of any ſervice to ourſelves, 'tis high time we ſhould think of ſomething for the benefit of others.

Upon that principle I ſet about digeſting theſe SCRAPS.

What effect they may have upon my readers, is their buſineſs, not mine—'tis ſufficient for me, that I put them together:—my taſk, for the preſent, is finiſhed—they may chooſe now—either to ſet about correcting the author, or themſelves.

But

But ſhould they chance to be productive of ſome good—(and I am fully ſatisfied they will do no harm)—that they ſerve to lop the light and looſe imaginations of ſome; and compoſe the diſquiet, and almoſt diſtracted minds of others—thoſe who are benefitted by them, at leaſt, muſt allow 'tis no bad compoſition.

Something whiſpers me, *they will be read*—nay more, *they will be commended*—and further, *they will do good*—

'Was there ever ſuch an odious inſtance of VANITY and ſelf-applauſe?'

Thouſands!—Every witling, void of meaning, preſumes no leſs within himſelf:—but only thoſe who were conſcious of

of the rectitude of their intentions, have had candour enough to avow it.

Every man who means well, and acts upon just and steady principles, is vain of his endeavours; and approves himself, before he can possibly receive commendation from another.

Conscious rectitude—(or what you call VANITY and self-applause)—is commonly the only reward a good man shares—Indeed he seeks no greater.

The fool, I grant you, sickens you with his VANITY!—how should he do otherwise?—for it begins and ends with nothing but his nauseous self!

The bold adventurer deafens you with his!—But we muſt not haſtily abſtract from military glory:—In many caſes, the SOLDIER of his COUNTRY has full warrant, to ſound the trump of his own praiſe.

And ſhall the ſober MORALIST be denied the privilege of vaunting his GOOD WILL—together with his ſanguine HOPE—that what he ſincerely felt, others may alſo paſſionately feel?

If Heaven has been pleaſed to make him the inſtrument of good to ſociety—however humble he may be at the throne—he cannot chooſe but to be vain at the footſtool.

'I am proud, ſays he, to be the happy miniſter of GOOD to my fellows!—and I dare avow it!—You may call it VANITY, if you like.

'In God's name! then—let us continue vain—ſo that we reſtrain our pride within the limits of juſt action—and that all emulation, henceforward, be compriſed in the VANITY of intentional, or actual GOODNESS.

FINIS.

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